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Night on the Sea.

The livelong day the storm has beat,
As if in wrath and pain;
Now hushed and smooth to slumber sweet,
Sinks back the troubled man.

Thereon the gentle wind of night
Brooks low with balmy sweep;
It is God's spirit in its flight
That hovers o'er the deep.

God kisses there the waving hair
Of the weary, dreaming sea,
With murmured benedictive prayer,
"Sleep, my child, peace be to thee."

—From the German.

Christmas With The Poets.

Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night,
Oh, Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.
—Tennyson.

There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer and a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
And the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King! *—J. G. Holland.*

The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven.
—Alfred Dommett.

This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity;
This holy day, when Christ, the Lord,
Took on Him our humanity.
—Phœbe Carey.

But the star that shines in Bethlehem
Shines still and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings
Of Glory and of Peace.
—Adelaide A. Proctor.

Rejoice, our Savior He was born
On Christmas day in the morning.
—Old Christmas Carol.

But peaceful was the night.
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace on earth began.
—Milton.

Who taught mankind on that first Christmas day
What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live?
—Charles Kingsley.

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
—Longfellow.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
—Shakespeare.

With gentle deeds and kindly thoughts
And loving words withal,
Welcome the merry Christmas in,
And hear a brother's call.
—F. Lawrence.

This day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
—Shakespeare.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born! *—Whittier.*

So, now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every one be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
—Wither.

At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small.
—Thomas Tusser.

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.
—Scott.

The poor will many a care forget;
The debtor think not of his debts,
But, as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it were Christmas all the year.
—Thomas Miller.

As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.
—Thackeray.

RATE'S MOSS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was one of those strangely mild winters, of mingled drizzle and fog, which seem so emphatically to upset all our traditional notions of what a good old-fashioned Christmas should be.

It wanted but three days to Christmas day, and the weather was a most perverse combination of April and November. Cheerless enough was it in the lighted streets of the towns and cities at 5 o'clock on this December evening. It will therefore be easily imagined what sort of a prospect was presented to the eyes of travelers—if, indeed, there were any—through the Lincolnshire fen-country.

In one of the wildest parts of its interminable swamps, and not many miles distant from the Wash itself, there stood an old building, partly farmhouse, partly nondescript. A farmhouse proper would not have thriven in this district, on account of the very small proportion of arable land to the vast expanse of reed-covered swamp. There were, however, around the house, which stood on higher ground than the greater part of the surrounding country, a few tolerably well-cultivated acres of land, turnips forming the chief portion of the crops. The house itself was a long, low building, nearly all of wood and one-storied, and had as much of a home look about it as could be expected, considering that it stood quite alone on a small expanse of cultivated land, an oasis in the midst of the dreary flats, and was some six or eight miles distant from the nearest market town.

The master of this building was a man about sixty years of age, who, with his wife and daughter, and a young man in his employ (an orphan, whom he had brought up), formed the household of "Marsh Farm," as it was called. Ralph Furriner was a curious mixture of shrewdness and stupidity—that is to say, of shrewdness relating to his own immediate affairs, and of stupidity as to what actually went on in the outer world away from his own isolated dwelling. The old man followed a double occupation, which may be briefly described. He supplied the nearest market town, and sometimes some of the London dealers, with wild ducks, widgeon, teal and other birds frequenting the fens in winter. During the remainder of the year he fattened a considerable quantity of domestic ducks and geese for the market, the locality being especially suited to the rearing of this branch of the poultry trade.

In all this, and the cultivation of his small farm—if it really deserved such a name—he was assisted by Robert Stenhouse, a stalwart, active young fellow of six-and-twenty, who, left an orphan at an early age, had been taken charge of by old Furriner, and became quite one of the family. Very little need be said of the duck-shooter's wife and daughter. The former was simply one of those motherly, home-loving women who are to be reckoned by tens of thousands in every class in England. Rose Furriner was a fine rosy-cheeked, strong-limbed woman, of five-and-twenty, who helped her mother in her home duties, fattened the geese, baked the barley bread, and even helped to cultivate the farm. She was "engaged" to Robert Stenhouse. What else could be expected, when she never saw any other young man, and he scarcely any other young woman? They were to be married this Christmas, and would continue to live at Marsh farm. So all things would go on as before, and the little community would not be broken up (as so many other domestic communities are) by marriage.

Mrs. Furriner and her daughter were plucking a couple of plump wild ducks for the family supper, while the old man, comfortably seated in the chimney corner, smoked his pipe and joined occasionally in the conversation. The quaint appearance of the interior of the old black-raftered kitchen, and the picturesque faces of the group in the ruddy fire-glow, formed a tout ensemble worthy of the pencil of Teniers.

"It's a rare fine night for teal," said Furriner, removing his pipe from his mouth, and suffering a cloud of blue smoke to escape up the chimney; "and I'm sure Bob 'll stand a chance to get a leash or two."

"Yes, and you're growing lazy, father, or you wouldn't be sitting there idle in the corner, and Bob out alone on the fens," said his daughter.

"I mind the time," said the dame, bridling up, as old people will if younger ones venture to hint that they are not so brisk as they once were, "when your father was the smartest chap in Lincolnshire, be the other who he might."

"Oh, mother!" cried Rose, laughing, "did you see all the young men in Lincolnshire?"

"She took stock of a pretty good lot of 'em, I can tell ye!" said old Furriner, chuckling as he winked at his daughter.

"I had my share of notice," remarked the dame, complacently.

"Many a time I've been near up to my neck in water of a winter night, waiting to get a shot at a widgeon or a gold-backed teal for your mother, Rose, just as Bob's out now to please your whims," said her father.

"To please my whims, father!" exclaimed Rose, indignantly. "Why, what do you mean? He's gone because he said it was such a likely night for teal that it would be a sin to lose the chance."

"He's just gone because he knows a leash or two of teal would fetch a high price now," said her father. "And a certain young woman fancied a red cloth jacket she saw at B— a month ago; and Bob thinks the price of the teal will pretty near buy the jacket.

Rose blushed consciously.

"And that's why I'm sitting in the corner smoking my pipe like a sensible man," continued her father, looking at her crimsoned cheek. "D'ye think I'm going to paddle about the fens up to my neck in mud on a night like this for the money earned to go on my daughter's vanities? Not I," said he, smoking away furiously, but with a twinkle of good humor in his eye which quite belied his words.

"Up to his neck in mud, father?" put in the mother, anxiously. "You don't mean to say our Bob will be up to his neck in mud?"

And the good woman looked a trifle uneasy as she turned and listened to the rain beating heavily against the lozenge-shaped panes of the windows, for had she been really Robert Stenhouse's mother he could not have been dearer to her than he was.

"Don't I though!" said the old man, nodding his head vehemently. "And what then? Never fear, he's all right. He can take care of himself."

Rose took her father's view of the matter, and was quite easy as to her lover's safety. Not so the dame.

"Just listen to this rain, Ralph!" she said, persistingly.

"Well, it do rain a bit," said he.

"Rain a bit!" repeated the dame. "It's enough to drown the very ducks themselves. Why, Ralph, it's never rained like this, all the thirty years we've lived in the Marsh."

The old man was struck by the manner in which his wife persisted in her fears (a most unusual circumstance with her), and, not without some anxiety himself, he slowly rose, laid down his pipe, and cautiously half opened the door. But he had no sooner done so than both rain and wind rushed in, with such fury, that not only was the candle, which old Furriner held, extinguished, but also the candles upon the table at which the women sat busied with their preparations for cooking.

Rose, who was by nature extremely lighthearted, burst into a laugh. But this roused her mother, who indignantly threw upon the table the half-plucked duck she held in her lap, and said, in a tone of great asperity:

"And you to laugh, lass, when your sweetheart may be drowning! Shame on ye!"

"Drowning, mother!" said Rose, growing deadly pale, and pressing her hand to her side; "you can't surely mean that?"

Mrs. Furriner hesitated when she glanced at her daughter's pale face, for she had relighted the candles. She did not indeed believe that her future son-in-law was exactly in peril of his life; but at the same time she was aware that a passage through the fens, which must now be gradually becoming one vast sheet of water, would be extremely difficult, and probably also dangerous. The old man, too, began to look serious, as he resolutely took down a suit of oilskins, with which he prepared to cover his somewhat shrunken, but still sturdy limbs.

"What art about?" asked his wife.

"I'll even go and meet the lad myself," was the reply.

"Why, Ralph, the path tracks must be all under water."

"I'll go, I tell ye," said he; "and take the brown pony; I'll maybe be of use. I know my way for miles and miles beyond Rate's Moss, where Bob's gone after the teal, and happen has lost his tracks. I'll go, I tell ye!"

"Then I'll go, too," said the old woman, firmly.

"Chut, chut, Polly," said her husband; "who's to look after the girl, then? We can't take her, lass."

"Ay, that's true!" said the dame.

All this while Rose, with pale face and trembling lips, had watched the anxious, troubled looks of her father and mother, and her heart boded she knew not what of ill.

"But is there any danger, father?" she stammered.

Furriner moved impatiently, but made no reply.

"Best tell her all," said her mother. "Of course there's danger, lass, such a night as this. Take care of thyself, old man," she added, kissing her husband as he prepared to start with as much warmth as she had done in their earlier days; "and be sure take Brown King; the critter's as much sense as a Christian, and a good deal more than some of them."

"Ay, ay; cheer up, old lass," was the answer."

And the old man returned his wife's embrace and was gone.

The rain poured down in torrents that seemed to threaten a second deluge, as Furriner sought the little stable where Brown King, little dreaming of any interruption to his privacy, was quietly reposing on his litter of pea-straw; and not without considerable resistance on his part did his master make him comprehend that he was required to leave his comfortable bed for the bleak and desolate fens. At last, however, he was duly saddled and bridled.

Furriner turned the pony's head in the direction of Rate's Moss, a famous resort of teal and widgeon, to which he knew that his future son-in-law had proceeded. When there he trusted to his own knowledge of the fens, and to the sagacity of his pony, to find young Stenhouse.

Rate's Moss might have been about three miles from the Marsh farm—no great distance, it is true, in the well-lighted streets of a city; but a formidable one in the fens of Lincolnshire, on a dark and windy night in December, when the nocturnal travelers were an old man and a pony.

The wild fowl shooter knew every inlet, pool and reed-covered islet of the fens; but with such violence did the rain beat in his face and so rapidly was the water rising, that he felt seriously alarmed as to the result of his adventure. At first, indeed, he had but little difficulty in proceeding rapidly in the direction of Rate's Moss; but he was growing old, and at last, feeling that his knees were becoming numbed and chilled by the wind and the rain, he thought it better to give up the idea of steering the pony and trust to the animal's own sagacity.

Brown King, who was well aware that Rate's Moss was the usual hunting ground of his masters, no sooner found the rein slackened than he took his course in a different direction from that in which the old man had been guiding him. The pony in fact was right, for Furriner had been wandering about, almost in a circle, being unable, through the darkness, to discern the well known spots, which in the daytime would have served him as landmarks.

Half an hour had elapsed, and Furriner knew he must be close upon the spot he desired to reach. He hallooed with his might, in the hope of hearing some response from his adopted son, straining every faculty to its utmost tension to catch a reply. Nothing, however, but the continuous plashing of the rain in the surrounding pools, or the occasional "quack" of a startled mallard, broke the ominous silence. The old man dreading he scarcely knew what, again called loudly upon young Stenhouse; but again was he destined to disappointment. He could not, however, in the darkness observe the pricked ears and startled glance of Brown King, who, with his sense of hearing, more acute than that of his master, had heard, or imagined he heard, an answer to the old man's shouts, and began to move forward at a sharper pace.

"Whoa—steady!" called Furriner, scarcely able to keep his seat, from the uncertain nature of the bog through which Brown King was stumbling.

But the pony would not "whoa." On the contrary, he scrambled through reeds and mire with as much alacrity as he could summon up, and at last suddenly halted, and placing his forefeet firmly on the most solid piece of ground he could pick out, pricked up his ears again, and gave a loud, sonorous neigh.

Even the benumbed faculties of Furriner were aroused at this.

"He hears summat, danged if he doan't!" ejaculated the old fellow, joyfully. "Well done, King, boy!"

As if to reward the sagacious animal's efforts, a shout—faint, it is true, but still distinguishable—was now heard, in answer to its friendly neigh, upon which Brown King again began to move forward, but this time more slowly than before, picking his way with the utmost caution and judgment.

They were now in the very center of Rate's Moss, and it was really marvelous how the poor animal, without faltering, went so steadily in the right direction, while all the experience of his rider was of no avail. Suddenly, and so close to them that it made Furriner start as if he had been shot, they heard the voice of Robert Stenhouse.

"Here, father, quick! quick!" it said; "I'm nearly dead already."

"Where art, lad?" screamed the old man, straining his eyes in vain to see through the pitch-black darkness. "Where art?"

But the young man, in despair, and no doubt impelled by a sudden instinct, made no reply in words, but gave a short, sharp, shrill whistle, well-known to Brown King.

The pony recognized it instantly, and, with a neigh of exultation, turned abruptly to the left, whinnying as he went, as horses do when they follow the call of a friend. Not more than forty yards did the docile animal travel before he brought his rider face to face with young Stenhouse. But what a situation!

The young man had descended from the more solid part of the surrounding land, and jumped, as it appeared, into a large pool amid the reeds, for the purpose of picking up a dead bird. The rain, however, had rendered the water far deeper than he expected, and moreover, the thick black mud which formed the bottom of the pool had become a perfect quagmire. The intense cold, too, had so far benumbed young Stenhouse's hands and feet that he was all but powerless to assist himself.

There he stood nearly up to his neck in thick, slimy ooze, which had almost the consistency of birdlime. The situation, which in the daytime and a different period of the year would have been ludicrous, was now serious. The more the poor fellow struggled, the deeper he sank. On the other hand, if he remained still, the cold would stagnate his blood and insensibility and death would follow.

Old Furriner, who took in the danger of the position at a glance, turned pale and clenched his hands together beneath his riding-cloak. He, nevertheless, tried his utmost to encourage the nearly exhausted young man.

"Cheery, laddie, cheery!" he said, dismounting from Brown King. "Bear a good heart."

"Ay, ay, father," returned the other, faintly. "Stay a bit, Bob," called Furriner. "Throw me your shooting belt."

With terrible exertion the young man did so. He had previously thrown it over his shoulder to relieve his waist from its weight, when he first found himself sinking deep into the mud.

"Now your handkerchief," said Furriner.

The old man tied the belts and the handkerchiefs belonging to himself and Stenhouse together, and even their neckties, but was still unable to reach the poor half-dead young fellow.

"The bridle, father, the bridle!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," cried the old man; "to be sure, to be sure! How could I forget it?"

He added the bridle to the length of his extempore chain, and by dint of considerable exertion managed to throw one end of it within a few inches of the young man's shoulder, which, with the exception of his head and arms, was the only part of his body visible. But here arose a fresh difficulty. Robert Stenhouse's fingers were so benumbed by continual exposure to the severity of the weather that he was unable to grasp the friendly rope. Making a tremendous exertion, however, he caught hold of it with his teeth.

"I can't hold it, father!" he called out, despairingly.

"Put your fingers in your mouth, lad," called out the old man; "that'll warm 'em a bit, and don't struggle."

The young man obeyed, and as the storm had now somewhat abated he was able, after some few minutes, to partially thaw his frozen fingers. Then, by the direction of the duck-shooter, he secured the end of the bridle as firmly as he could around his arm. But the efforts of the old man were found totally inadequate to assist his comrade to climb to the higher ground. For a moment a dull despair fell upon both; but young Stenhouse, whose usually not very acute perceptions were sharpened by his imminent peril, bethought him of Brown King.

"Tie your end to King, father," he shouted out, his strength fast failing him, "and make him pull."

The pony seemed to understand what was expected of him, and allowed the chain of handkerchiefs and belts to be fastened around him. Furriner so managed this as not to impede the action of the animal's hind legs, and after a good deal of straining on the part of Brown King, and a good deal of coaxing and encouragement on the part of his master, Stenhouse was so far extricated from his perilous situation as to be able, with the help of the old man, to clamber to the higher ground, whereon stood his deliverers. Furriner carried a small brandy-flask, which was of infinite service to both the men, and in a briefer period than might have been expected the younger had recovered the full use of his faculties. Even the pony seemed to be aware of the service he had rendered, and stood, with arched neck and expanded eye, waiting for the applause he had earned.

"He shall be pensioned off, when he gets old, for this night's work, shan't he, father," said the young man, patting the shaggy sides of the animal.

"Aye, that he shall, Bob, and what's more to the purpose, he shall have a double feed of corn to-night," returned the old man, the tears glistening in his eyes. "And now let's get back, or the women will be in a fine pother."

The journey home from Rate's Moss was a little more satisfactory to old Furriner than he had anticipated it would be, and was far more quickly performed than before. A large string of wild fowl hung from the holsters of Brown King's saddle, a prize which young Stenhouse had nearly paid for with his life.

"Rose's scarlet jacket was near costing dearer than she thought for, eh, father?" he said, gravely.

"Ay, thou wast a'ways overrash, laddie," said the old man. "Let this be a caution."

"But then, father, Rose—"

"Ay, ay, I know all about that," interrupted the old man; "well, well, I've been young myself, But remember, Bob, there ain't no real courage in fool-hardiness. A man ain't to risk his life for the whims of a pretty girl, not if she was twenty times engaged to him, that's my view on't. Reasonable efforts to please is one thing, and unreasonable follies is another."

"You're right, father," said he; "and Rose 'll say so too."

What Rose said, you may guess, readers all!

The Origin of Life.

Men of science may amuse themselves by speaking of life being brought to the earth by the arrival of a meteor, in reality a fragment of some once peopled world which has been destroyed by conflict with another or by internal disturbance. But this is more a scientific jest than a grave reality. Astronomy knows nothing of worlds coming into conflict. On the contrary, the laws of motion assure us that if anything is so unlikely that it may be regarded as absolutely impossible, it is the encounter of two orbs in mid space; nor have we any reason to suppose that a planet can be rent into fragments by internal convulsions. If we had, we have not the slightest reason for supposing that orbs thus unfortunate would be more likely to be inhabited than their more lucky fellow worlds. If these were inhabited already, we gain nothing by bringing to them the fragments of other worlds which have exploded; and if they were not inhabited, while the burst or shattered worlds were, we are called on to imagine (for no one can believe) the absurdity that only inhabited worlds are liable to destruction, for the benefit of those which are without inhabitants. To which absurdity this additional one is superadded, that the seeds of life would survive the destruction of their planet home, and the journeying through millions on millions of years (rather millions of millions) which science assures us they would have to make through the cold of interstellar space before they would fall on any other world. And all these absurdities to no purpose, so far as the origin of life is concerned, for they take us back but a step, which brings us in reality no nearer to all life.—*Professor Proctor, in Belgravia.*

Diphtheria and Cats.

Dr. William Bunce, of Oberlin, Ohio, has seen two marked instances in which it seemed almost positive that diphtheria had been introduced into families by cats. Just previous to the occurrence of the disease in his patients the family cat had been observed to have diphtheretic membrane in the throat which, in one case, the children had endeavored to remove before they, themselves, were taken sick.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

HUMAN-ANIMAL TRAITS.

The Practice of Suicide—Hypnotism and Catalepsy in Beasts, Birds and Reptiles.

In all forms of animals we may find the suicide, the lunatic, as well as the victim of hypnotism; in fact, animals, the lower ones as they are termed, seem affected by the realities of life very much as are their intelligent superiors. Suicide among animals is quite common, and the story of the old crossing-sweeper is by no means an isolated case. Dogs have been seen to deliberately drown themselves, and the same has been cited among other animals. Curious cases of gradual suicide have been observed among the animals known as holothurians; one, the synapta, being an adept in the art, if so we may call it. In life the creature is elongate, often as clear as crystal, bearing a tint of delicate rose or pink, while the body is dedecked with seemingly silken bands of the most delicate texture. If the creature is placed in an aquarium and totally deprived of food for three weeks, a perceptible change will be discerned; not emaciation, but an indentation appears, forming a circle about the animal, gradually growing deeper and deeper, until finally, by muscular contraction, a complete severance of the part is accomplished. The animal has found that retrenchment is necessary, and has decreased its size, thus lessening the demand. If food is still kept from it, soon another ring appears, and a second part is thrown off, and so on, at intervals, until in a few days the animal that was eighteen inches long is now a small oval mass surmounted by the flower-like tentacles, resembling a sea-anemone. This is the head and mouth for which the entire body has been sacrificed, and it too, finally dies, if food in the shape of sand or food is still withheld. The effect of starvation varies in different animals. Subject an adult Hydroid medusa to it, and it will change to the polyp form—the larval form of its kind. In the higher forms of medusa a decrease in the number of the young is noticed, while among mollusks such privation has produced changes in the progeny that were pronounced at first specific. Certain moths, partly starved, lost in their larval state the power of spinning a cocoon. Indeed, the lack of food, and forcing animals to partake of certain kinds, is often productive of the most remarkable results. If the parrot, so common in Brazil, is fed upon the fat of certain fishes, the green feathers change to red; and it is said that if the richly decorated Indian bird, lori rajah, is deprived of its accustomed food, its beauties of color wane. Bullfinches grow darker, even black, under a hemp-seed diet, and the orange-colored canaries, now so much in demand, are said to owe their brilliant tints to dieting on Spanish peppers.

Scorpions are extremely prone to suicide when subjected to great physical pain. Place one within a circle of fire, and it will invariably throw forward its tail and wound itself fatally, seemingly preferring to die in this way than to endure the torture of fire. Spiders and ants attempt the same, tearing off their own legs and stinging their bodies. Crabs and lobsters often throw off their claws and legs and so escape, while some of the starfishes, when lifted from their homes, fairly drop in pieces.

In the island of Lugon, Semper found a snail that, did he attempt to take it by the tail, would throw off that useful member and elude his grasp. The same is true of the so-called glass snake, which often breaks into several sections when alarmed.

Insane horses are of common occurrence. One of the most peculiar phases of these mind affections is hypnotism, that in man or beast has within the present year attracted so much attention. The term, perhaps, originated with Dr. Braid, who, in 1841, revived the excitement aroused by Mesmer in 1778, referring the phenomena of animal magnetism to certain psychological and physiological influences in the subject. He applied it to his patients, and succeeded in performing many painless operations that have been repeated in the curious experiments of Dr. Hammond. That animals are subject to similar influences has long been known. Herein lies the magic of the snake charmer and the charm of the snake itself over the young bird. The most venomous snakes have been drawn from their holes by the actions of these mediums, and handled by them with perfect safety. Dr. Spry refer to an authentic case as follows:

"An eminent physician, skeptical on this point (serpents and birds being drawn and held as by a charm), in company with other English gentlemen, thus tested the fact: Taking a serpent-charmer along, they brought him to a distant pile of rubbish, and causing him to lay off all his raiment that there might be no deception practiced upon them, they watched his movements. Approaching the pile with a serpent-like hiss and nervous working of the features and limbs, which became more and more excited and violent, presently serpent after serpent, of the most venomous kind, showed their heads and gradually moved toward their charmer, until, reaching out his hand, he took them as so many lifeless withes and deposited them in his basket."

As early as 1646 Athanasius Kercher, an Italian monk, wrote upon what he called "Experimentum mirabile," and his experiments upon the imaginations of certain hens, tying and then releasing them, but, by the use of chalk marks, leaving them under the impression that they were still fast, are not devoid of interest.

Professor Czermak, of the University of Leipsic, has made interesting experiments with animals, and evidently finds a satisfaction in the work, as he says: "With animals every one feels safe from all thoughts of deception." One of his most interesting experiments was with crawfish, with which he appeared a medium of decided power. His passes caused the animals to become stiff and immovable, standing on their heads and in other curious positions, while other passes enabled them to crawl off. The playing 'possum of many animals is undoubtedly from a similar cause. We have often seen hermits in the South drop as if dead when touched; insects will do the same, and hardly anything but positive injury will induce them to move.

In jail at Los Angeles, Cal., is a fourteen-year-old boy, James Green, who has a criminal record second to none in the country. The past three years of his life have been mostly spent behind the bars of the prison he is now an inmate of on a charge of burglary, and, as he has pleaded guilty, he will shortly take up his quarters at San Quentin or Folsom.

Regard of the Ancients for Animals.

In ancient Egypt, when a cat died in the house, the inhabitants shaved their eyebrows; if a dog died, they shaved their whole body. In Athens, one of the laws of Triptolemus declared that no one had a right to inflict a wrong upon a living creature. The Greeks were aware of the tender and affectionate care which the young of the stork exhibited for their old parents, and recorded that, when the latter lost their feathers from age, the young stripped themselves of their down for them and fed them with the food they collected. This was the origin of the Greek law called "the law of the stork," by virtue of which children were obligated to take care of their aged parents, and those who refused to do so were declared infamous. How different is it in our modern societies! Pierquin remarks with reason that, as man rises, he treats animals as if they were correspondingly degraded. For a long time they had the same rights. During the middle ages they were allowed a part in religious ceremonies. At Milan they figured in the festivals of the kings; and processions of animals appear in the bas reliefs of the cathedrals of Strasburg, Mans and Vienne (Isere). On Holy Wednesday all the clergy of the church of Rheims went to Saint Remi to make a station there; the canons, preceded by the cross, were arranged in two lines, each drawing a herring after him with a cord; and each one was intent upon saving his own fish, and stepping upon that of the canon in front of him (Anquetil, "Histoire de Reims.") At Paris the procession of the fox was as much enjoyed as the festival of the ass. The animal, dressed in a kind of surplice, wearing the mitre, had his place in the midst of the ciergy; a fowl was put within his reach; he often forgot his pious functions to spring upon the bird and devour it in the presence of the faithful. Philip the Fair was very fond of this procession (Sanval, "Antiquites de Paris"). Only a few years ago the procession of the fat ox remained, a survival from the pagan feasts, a real piece of wreckage from vanished civilizations.

While the rights of animals were thus recognized, their duties toward man did not escape the earlier legislators, who severely punished their crimes and attempts upon human life. The law of Moses (Exodus xxi, 28, 29) recites: "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten: but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death."

Judgments based on this principle are recorded at Athens and Rome. According to Pierquin, Democritus wished an animal, which had occasioned some major damage, to be punished with death. Under Domitian, according to the report of Martial, the ingratitude of a lion toward its master was severely punished. Columella and Varro say that the ancient Romans regarded the ox as the companion of the labors of man, and that the act of killing one was regarded as a homicide and punished in the same way; and the ox enjoyed the same privilege in Attica and the Peloponnesus. It is also said that the Arabs in the mountains of Africa formerly crucified lions, guilty of murders, upon trees, as warnings to others.
—Popular Science Monthly.

The Hair of the Presidents.

In the patent office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the government and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. A friend of the writer says that while examining some of those objects of curiosity, nothing struck him so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair taken from the heads of different chief magistrates, from Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals whose names are familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth, and free from any mixture. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse and a yellowish gray in color.

The hair of General Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of General Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of General Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he had a plentiful crop.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that since Pierce's time no one has thought of preserving the hair of his successors. There are vacancies in the case, but there is no hair (or was not a short time since) either of Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield or Arthur, for the inspection of futurity.

During their occupancy of the presidential chair, Buchanan's hair was nearly a pure white; that of Lincoln's dark and wiry, liberally sprinkled with silver threads; Johnson's was iron-gray—in youth his hair was coal-black and very luxuriant; Grant's was dark and coarse; Hayes' sandy and mixed with white; Garfield's a beautiful auburn, while that of Arthur is brown and wavy.

During Christmas week the number of "gifted" people heavily increases.

A Night Camp on Lake Winnipeg.

We now take a direct course for Montreal Point, our guide running before, in a steady, swinging trot peculiar to Indian runners, while our dogs follow in good form. At intervals we drop into a light slumber, to be suddenly awakened by the loud crack of a loaded whip and the responsive cry of a lazy dog. As the sun is setting in the west, going down into the apparently boundless lake, we halt on the edge of a huge drift, near the shore, which is at this point dotted with thickets of spruce and balsam, and get out of our carrioles stiffly enough after our long journey. The sleds are drawn into the timber, and our little party go at the work of clearing with snowshoes a place for the camp. This accomplished, the fire is built, green boughs are laid for our beds, blankets and robes are brought forth; and while we stretch ourselves lazily before the bright fire of tamarack, our guide prepares supper, and his assistants unharness the dogs and prepare their meal of fresh whitefish. As we recline in perfect comfort, a shrike or butcher-bird, the first life we have seen in the woods to-day, hops from the bough above us, and helps itself from the pemmican-bag; then flies saucily over our heads toward his cache, to return in a few moments for more. The shrike is truly a camp bird, and on discovering the smoke from some newly-built camp fire, as it curls upward through the trees, does not rest till it has reached the camp and sampled the cookery. The Indian seldom molests this arch thief, but laughs quietly at its saucy chatter, having a belief that in days past Wahse-i-ka-chak, as he calls it, has been in some way of service to his people. After a hearty supper of pemmican, potato and bannock, we sit and listen to the monotonous tones of the Indians, who are recounting journeys to different parts of the far north country, while they smoke their tiny stone pipes, filled with a mixture of willow bark and tobacco. Our twelve dogs are grouped on the solid drift near the shore. The largest dog occupies the most elevated part of the bank, the place of honor, while the others sit solidly on their haunches and gaze steadily at their leader, who is now the picture of profundity, with a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes which his fellows are making a vain attempt to imitate. The moon is coming up now, and as it softly rises, causing the frost-covered trees to glisten in its light, the leader utters a plaintive wail, which is taken up by his companions, softly at first; then the leader gives forth a louder cry, another, and soon the whole pack there in the weird light are howling in fearful discord. Suddenly the leader ceases, and gradually the others become quiet and curl themselves about the fire. The Indians soon are snoring in heavy sleep, the fire burns low, the trees crackle with frost, we hear a commingling of sounds, and, at last, sleep too.

We rest comfortably, with nothing above our heads save the beautiful dome of heaven, with its twinkling stars, which are dimmed at times by the magnificent and ever-changing aurora, which here reaches its greatest brilliancy. The Indians call this electric phenomena Wah-wah-tao, and fancy it to be the spirits of the departed dancing on the borders of the land of the hereafter. While it is yet dark our drivers arise, with sundry grunts and remarks in Indian language relative to the probable weather and winds of the coming day; and soon a large fire, crackling and sending sparks over our heads without regard to consequences, is the alarm which brings us quickly from our snug beds. Breakfast dispatched, our dogs are placed in harness, we take seats in the carrioles, and are away with speed through the gray light of dawn.—*St. Nicholas.*

Pigeons in Military Service.

The employment of carrier pigeons as carriers between military stations in Arizona and other sections of the Indian country, where the telegraph lines are being constantly interfered with by the hostiles, and where the topography is not advantageous for heliographing and other ordinary methods of signaling, is receiving the serious attention of the war office. In a letter from Post Townsend, Wyoming, General Nelson A. Miles says they can be made very useful in this direction, as he has demonstrated to his entire satisfaction, and General Hazen, the chief signal officer, who is testing every plan and suggestion looking to the greater efficiency of his bureau and increased benefit to the general public, has taken the subject actively in hand, desiring to make this agency a valuable ally of the army in conflicts in behalf of civilization against barbarism on our Western plains. For two hundred miles these pigeons will travel as fast as the railway rapid mail, and, through a hostile country, will reach their destination more surely than most men. Flying by sight, they are especially valuable in regions where there are prominent mountain peaks. Between two such posts as Forts Thomas and Apache and Thomas and San Carlos, Arizona, entirely a hostile country, broken and difficult, and in which travel is slow and impossible when the intervening streams are flooded—they would be of vast value compared with the insignificant cost of maintaining and training them. Troops on detached service, with no other means of communication, can employ them to convey important information with great expedition. Country physicians in England use them to great advantage with distant families. The middle feather of the tail is shaved within an inch of the end, and the message lashed thereto firmly with waxed silk. They should be written in lead pencil, as ink runs. Placed there they do not annoy the bird, but tied on the leg they interfere with his flying, and he is liable to peck and mutilate the message, rendering it unintelligible by his efforts to remove it. The clear air of Arizona and the Occident is just the element for these birds, and they are just the agency to supplement the telegraph and ordinary courier system employed by our troops in their operations against the red buccaneers of the West. Having set in motion a plan to protect our cotton, sugar and fruit industries, and having enlarged the sphere of life-saving and coast-line operations as a supplement to the military telegraph lines on the frontier, General Hazen deserves and will receive for this carrier pigeon enterprise the heartfelt thanks of every soul exposed to the onsets of the marauding red devils of the plains, be they Sioux, Apaches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, or what not.—*Washington Republican.*

It is said that there are upward of 3,000 steam plowing machines now employed in England and Scotland.

A Winter Song.

Oh, summer has the roses
And the laughing light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dewy, dancing posies;
But winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, summer has the splendor
Of the cornfields wide and deep
Where scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander;
But winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, summer has the luster
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.

—Susan Hartley, in St. Nicholas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A new party—The baby.

Children's balls ought to be encouraged. Doctors say it is healthy for children to cry.

A race between a carrier-pigeon and a man kicked by a mule would be very close if the pigeon had half a mile the start.

"How to treat a woman," is the title of an unnecessary article in an exchange. Every man knows how to treat a woman. If she is a sweetheart, treat her to oysters; if a wife, treat her to a new bonnet.

"You are such a strange girl," said Charley; "really, I don't know what to make of you." "Well, then, I'll tell you, Charley," replied Araminta; "make a wife of me." Charley did so at the earliest opportunity.

Professor (explaining the influence of different densities of air and sound)—"If, now, from here we should hear the steamboat whistle down in the harbor, what should we infer?" Bright Junior—"Steamboat coming in."

It is asserted that some of the bags of dates which come to this country contain cannon-balls weighing twelve and fifteen pounds. How much better than firing balls at us from the cannon's mouth it is to thus send them in a quiet, unobtrusive way! No blood is spilt, no bones broken, the sender finds it easier and cheaper than filling his bags exclusively with fruit, and the receiver gets full weight, and therefore cannot complain. This is, indeed, a fruitful cause for congratulation!

Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters; call me Peet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.

THE LITTLE BANANA PEEL.

Like a bar of the beaten gold
I gleam in the summer's sun;
I am little, I know, but I think I can throw
A man that will weigh a ton.
I send out no challenges bold,
I blow me no vaunting horn,
But foolish is he who treadeth on me;
He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field vain man
Goeth forth at the break of day,
But when he shall feel my grip on his heel
Like the stubble he fadeth away;
For I lift him high up in the air,
With his heels where his head ought to be;
With a down-coming crash he maketh his mash,
And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am scorned by the man who buys me;
I am modest and quiet and meek;
Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do
Has oft made the cellar doors creak.
I'm a blood-red republican born,
And a nihilist fearless I be;
Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its pride down,
If it set its proud heel upon me.

—R. J. Burdette, in Harper.

Some Cold Winters.

The following statistics of the good old winters are curious: In 408 the Black sea was entirely frozen over. In 761, not only the Black sea, but the straits of the Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe—the Danube and Elbe, etc.—were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 the most of the travelers were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine casks were burst, and even the trees split by the action of the frost with immense noise. In 1336 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at six shillings the quarter, rose to £2. In 1339 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-'33-'34 were uncommonly severe. It once snowed forty days without interruption. In 1468 the wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets. In 1684 the winter was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred a cold winter. The frosts penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1715 booths were erected and fairs held on the Thames. In 1774 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1822, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.—*Scientific American.*

Charles James Fox, being once at Ascot races with his intimate companion, General Conway, missed his snuff-box. The general was lucky enough to discover the thief and seize him before he could get away. Upon this the man fell upon his knees, and with many tears besought Fox to pardon him and not expose him to ruin, for he was a poor weaver in great destitution, and this was the first offense against the laws that he had ever committed. Fox was greatly affected, and not only let the offender go, but gave him a guinea. Shortly after this, having occasion to use his snuff-box, he found no sign of it in his pocket where he had replaced it, and, turning to General Conway, he said: "My snuff-box is gone again!" "Yes," replied the latter, "I saw the scamp take it a second time when you gave him the money, but I thought I wouldn't interfere."

FOR THE LADIES.

A Learned Young Lady.

Ramnabal Sanskrita is a very learned East Indian young lady, twenty-four years of age, who has acquired a profound knowledge of Sanscrit, Mahrati, Kanarese, Hindostani, Bengalee and English. She also makes speeches in behalf of female education, and in one of these speeches she laid great stress on a fact interesting to American ladies who have adopted the profession of medicine. Ramnabal Sanskrita said that thousands of her country women die every year for want of female doctors.

American Courtship.

"They don't adore you over here," writes the American girl, returned from Europe to her European friend, in Henry James, Jr.'s "Point of View," in the *Century*, "they only make you think they are going to. Do you remember the two gentlemen who were on the ship, and who, after we arrived here, came to see me a tour de role? At first I never dreamed they were making love to me, though mamma was sure it must be that; then as it went on a good while, I thought perhaps it was that; and I ended by seeing it wasn't anything! It was simply conversation; they are very fond of conversation over here. Mr. Leverett and Mr. Cockerel disappeared one fine day, without the smallest pretens[e] to having broken my heart. [...] sure, though, it only depended on [...] to think they had! All the gentl[emen] are like that; you can't tell what [...] mean; everything is very conf[...] Society appears to consist of a s[...] innocent jilting."

A Sea Bath in Winter.

A fresh delight discovered [...] fashionable women, says Clara [...] her New York letter in the Cincin[nati] *Enquirer*, isn't fresh at all, but [de]cidedly salt. The idea spread amo[ng] them last summer that sea bathing ha[s] a rejuvenating effect. The con[se]quence is that they have establi[shed] fountains of youth in their [...] rooms—that is to say, they put ro[ck] salt in the tubs and pickle themselv[es]. The strictly proper thing is to take [off] your nightgown on arising in the morning and put on a wrapper made of a bed blanket. This unique garment should be trimmed with the borders which finish the blanket ends, else the medicinal effect may be lost. Thus warmly wrapped you go to the bath-room, turn on the hot and cold water, and throw in about a pint of salt. When the tub is nearly full you doff your wrapper, take a header into the water, kick up a realistic surf, perhaps get a chance monthful of the brine, and imagine you are in the real salt sea.

Fashion Notes.

Long jersey gloves of finest wool are highly favored.

Heavy armure brocades are used for outside garments.

Mahogany and blush rose are colors that combine well.

Crenelated edges to fancy house jackets aren growing fancy.

The small capote looks more like a baby's cap than ever.

Pelisses and polonaises are the feature of the passing season.

There is a disposition to revive the old-fashioned gathered skirt.

A pretty fancy is to trim a black velvet hat with a single white bird.

Velvet is the favorite millinery and trimming material this winter.

Waistcoats as separate garments are a feature in English women's dresses.

Skirts continue to grow more bouffant in the black and fuller at the sides.

Evening dresses are frequently made with bodices of a different material from the skirt.

British materials, particularly woolens, are much used in Paris for traveling dresses and utility suits.

Shoes longer than the feet are absolutely the style for ladies, preposterous though it may appear.

Ball dresses of veiling, white and tinted, are as much in favor now as they were in the summer and fall.

Some of the latest imported French polonaises have Louis XIV. waistcoats and pockets covered with colored silk embroidery.

Jaunty soft felt English hats, much resembling those worn by gentlemen, are a passing novelty for ultra-fashionable young ladies.

Light silks of pale sea green, delicate pink, and lilac, are combined for evening wear with dark garnet, dark blue, brown and royal purple velvets with admirable effect.

In jewelry is shown a very novel lace pin in the form of a locust with sapphire eyes, the body of a light-colored lapis lazuli, the legs of gold and the wings formed of tiny diamond chippings.

Pearl necklaces of many rows twined around the throat, magnificent trimmings of pearl-beaded appliques and fringes, some of them thirty inches deep, and strings of tiny Roman pearls twined in the hair are costly and elegant garnitures for full-dress occasions.

White brocaded velvets for wedding dresses now show designs of humming birds, immense flowers and vines, pond lilies and foliage, large fern fronds, oak leaves, horse-chestnut blossoms and sheaves of wheat; some of the patterns are outlined with cut crystal beads or threads of gold.

A striking costume lately worn upon the promenade was of cardinal satin, with a Dorsay redingote of plush of the same brilliant shade. The French capote en suite with this dress was of plush, covered with a mass of sparkling ruby beads, and a cardinal aigrette sprinkled with ruby powder.

Heavily-braded Parisian traveling cloaks of black, olive brown, dark claret and fawn color—most stylish and uncommon in cut and make, satin-lined and elegantly finished with bands of fur—are handsome and costly wraps, only within the reach of those possessed of plethoric pocketbooks.

Princesse dresses in royal blue velvet are fashionably worn for reception toilets; they have the Medici collar, revers and deep cuffs elaborately embroidered with dark blue jet. Plum-colored velvet dresses in the same style have embroideries worked in amber and ruby beads. Velvet in fact is the most fashionable fabric of the season.

Strange History of a Will.

One has heard of wills written on bedposts, concealed in haylofts and flower-pots, and other possible and impossible places, but probably no will has ever passed through stranger vicissitudes than one admitted to probate by Sir James Hannen. The testator was an engineer on board a Channel steamer, and made his will giving everything to his wife, and gave the will to her. Some time afterward they had a quarrel, during which she tore the will up and threw the pieces into the fire. The husband picked up the pieces and put them into an envelope labeled "Poison," but said he would make a new one. However, several years afterward he died of smallpox on his steamer, and on his clothing being searched before burning, the envelope with the pieces of the will inside it was luckily found and given to his wife. This brand plucked from the burning has now been pieced together and will be deposited at Somerset house; a lesson to all time to wives not to lose their tempers too far if they do not wish also to lose their husbands' property, or to save it only by a lawsuit.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA. Dec. 7. 1882

Rev. T. J. Smith, editor of the Pittsburg *Colored Citizen*, and labor candidate for jury commissioner, has sued the Pittsburg *Times* for libel, claiming $10,000 damages.

Who'd thought a negro's character could be blackened to that amount?

Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, in behalf of astronomical science and astronomers, asks that prayers be offered on Sunday 3, in all the churches for clear weather on the 6th of December next, the date of the transit of Venus. The solution of the sublimest problem known to science is to be attempted on that occasion, the opportunity for which will not occur again for 122 years. Millions of dollars and months of valuable time have been expended in preparation for the great event.

An Allegheny county distiller has filed an application for a new process of distilling whiskey, which he claims will revolutionize the business. At a recent exhibition of his process, he succeeded in manufacturing in the space of about one hour and a half a solid substance which on being dissolved in water, was pronounced by judges to be equal to the best rye whiskey of age on the market. The new material can be carried in the pocket like tobacco, and in a few minute can be transformed into as good a grade of whiskey as can be procured over the bar. The inventor guards his secret very closely, but expects to obtain letters patent in a short time, when he will divulge the secret. He has already refused an offer of $10,000 for a one-fourth interest in his invention.

The growth of manufacuring interests in the south and the changes it is likely to make in the political relations of the states of that section is remarked upon by *The Charleston News*. It sees an evident tendency in Virginia to reject free trade theories and unite with Pennsylvania in favor of protection. Should the impression be correct that paper believe that the South Atlantic states will have to look to the northwest for new political alliances. Then the line of demarcation between the free trade and protective states will not run as now from east to west along the Ohio valley, but from the southeast to the northwest.

A noteworthy sign of the times is the drift of the leading Republican journals of the country, outside of Pennsylvania, in the direction of radical tariff reform, or "free trade," as it is generally put in his locality where Democrats are concerned. The Albany *Journal*, the old time organ of Seward and Weed, is the latest Republican convert to "free trade." In a recent article it notes the rapid growth of Republican opposition to Protection and mentions the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *Times*, and *Evening Post*, the Baltimore *American*, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and the Boston *Advertiser*—the latter a leading high-tariff paper in a notoriously high-tariff State—as converts to the idea. The Independent press of the East and West also takes pretty strong ground in the same direction.

The Republican party now proposes it seems, from its local organ, to become the party of economy and reform. Immense reductions in the amount of Federal revenues are proposed to be made. But why were not these public burdens lessened long ago? Democrats devoted the last session mainly to the purpose of reducing taxation. To evade it the Tariff Commission was instituted, and the river and harbor bill enacted. Too late comes this outcry for "reform." Nobody can give the party credit for honesty of purpose which has prosecuted plans of public plunder and indescribable extravagance through twenty years. It has thwarted every Democratic scheme of economy, and even spent millions, and used Federal offices as a monstrous corruption fund. This fresuly awakened zeal of new converts is not trustworthy, and nobody will have faith in Republican integrity and public virtue while Jay Hubbell's name lives in political history.

Sunbury is happy over the prospect of having a silver mine and smelting works. The Sunbury papers say the mine has been disposed of by Messrs. Douty & Baker, who had leased the ground to a Boston company, of whom Prof. Binn, an experienced assayer of precious ores, is president. The ore taken from the mine is reported by the professionals who examined it to be a high grade of silver lead. The essay of the first ore taken from the mine resulted as follows: In one ton, 940 pounds of lead and six two-third ounces of silver. The proportion of lead is forty seven per cent. The second essay of ore, some thirty feet from the first further in the mine, resulted as follows. In 2,000 pounds, 1080 pounds of lead, two and one third ounces of silver. Lead, 54 per cent. The company propose to erect smelting works at Sunbury, and desire the citizens of that town to take $25,000 worth of stock in the company to secure the buildings of the works there. The establishment would employ about one hundred men. The Sunbury papers are strongly urging the capitalists to come forward and secure the new enterprise.

—Any of our patrons wishing to give us a Christmas gift can go about it by paying arrears and if not in arrears advance pay will be viewed by us in the same light. If our readers will heed this it will enable us to make a contemplated improvement upon the REPORTER beginning January next, which is for the benefit of its readers as our Christmas gift to them. Persons who have taken the paper a number of years without any response to dozens of bills sent them, will be dropped from the list, we cant afford to send them the paper without ever getting a cent as pay. 3t

OSTRICHES AND OSTRICH FARMING.

A paper on the culture and propagation of the ostrich was read by Mr. C. J Scotchley, of London, before the Farmer's Club in Cooper Institute, New York. Mr. Scotchley is the proprietor of the ostriches now in Central Park. Mr. Scotchley said that it was an easy matter to raise ostriches. They are very healthy and few diseases are known to exist among them. The mortality among them is only 10 percent. and they live to the age of eighty or a hundred years. The older they grow the better they lay and breed. A full-grown ostrich is from four to four and a half feet in height, but the birds can extend the beak to eleven feet above the ground. The profits derived from one pair of birds—valued at $1,000—were in four years $25,000. The value of feathers in four years was $12,900. Each bird lays from forty to ninety eggs a year. Ostriches begin to breed at the age of six years, and continue to the age of eighty. The young birds are first plucked when six months of age. Feathers are worth from $600 to $700 per pound. Six million dollars worth of ostrich feathers are imported from South America annually.

CLATTER.

There is too much useless clatter made by some journals about Pattison's appointments. One thinks this man will do, and another thinks such a one is the proper person for Sec'y of the Commonwealth and for Att'y General. Another thinks such and such a one will not suit Hensel, and that one must be from such a section and another that he must be from some other locality.

Now this is all useless clatter. If Mr. Pattison is the man he was represented to be—and the REPORTER thinks he is—then this clatter should not be, as Pattison is fully competent to select his advisors himself, and this clatter is out of place and has an ill-bred look. Let Mr Pattison alone, and let him make his appointments to suit himself, he is to be governor and he alone is to be held responsible for whatever appointments he makes.

Then there is a clatter about Hensel that is getting to be disgusting, and no doubt it is to Hensel himself, for we think he has some common sense. There is a clatter that such and such an appointment would not suit Hensel. Well, what if it don't? Pattison is to be governor and make the appointments to suit his own good judgement. When the democrats nominated Pattison there was no understanding that the appointments must be made to suit Hensel or any one else. We do not think that Hensel feels otherwise than annoyed over this nonsensical clatter about himself. Let him not be carried away by it, lest he find that the clatter of these fools run him into the ground a little too soon for one of his age.

Let this appointment clatter and Hensel clatter stop, it is disgusting.

The democrats of the House at Harrisburg must open the ball by dispensing with a hord of useless officials about the hill and paring down the appropriations about $300,000. This done, all can go home to receive the plaudits of their constituents.

A great many who previous to the elections could see nothing wrong about the machine, can now point out many places where reform is needed. As an eye-opener the elections were a success, at least.

President Arthur's removal of half a dozen officials who did all they could to bring to naught the late trial of the star-route thieves, has created quite a commotion in the plundering wing of that party. Arthur did right only he was slow about it. The democrats pointed out the rascals, and M'Veigh's letter told who they were. The late democratic victories have put a little life into the President and have had this one good result already.

At the next trial of the star-route thieves things will likely take a different turn, and the penitentiary bids fair to close its jaws upon some of the plunderers.

Not everybody can be a William Tell in shooting an apple off of ones head, as the following incident will prove:

Cincinnatti, November 30.—This afternoon at the Colloseum theater, in the fourth act of the play "Si Slocum," Frank Frayne in shooting the apple off the head of "Lucy Slocum," personated by Miss Annie Von Behren, missed the apple and shot Miss Von Behren in the head. She died in fifteen minutes. Frayne was immediately arrested. The curtin fell and the play was stopped. The audience supposed the victim was only slightly hurt. Frayne used a Stevens rifle, No. 22 caliber, and was executing his backward shot. The catch snap of the rifle was imperfect and slipped just as the hammer fell, blowing the cartridge shell out backwards.

As a specimen of the curiosities that fall to the lot of Presidents, this literal copy of a letter received by General Grant in 1874, is as good as we have seen. The poor Indians plainly had to do without the "siveliseing" propo-ed:

Mr. U. S. Grant: *Sir*—It is with pleasure I take this opportunity of writing to you. I am well at present, hoping these few lines will find you enjoying good health and prosperity. I am doing all I can for you in this locality and I hope and expect you will be our next President of the United States. I would like to have an offis of sivelseeing the Indians. What salary will you give me per annum please write to let me no. in fact I am in need of a little money at present. Will you please send me 600 or 1000. Something ought to be done for the poor Indian and I believe that I can sivelize them if you will give me 200 or 300 per month it will doo.

The number of national banks organized during the year ending Nov. 1 1882, has been 171, with an aggregate authorized capital of $15,767,300, to which $6,500,680 in circulating notes have been issued. This is the largest number of banks organized in any year since 1872. Nineteen banks with an aggregate capital of $1,855,000 and circulation of $1,440,300 have voluntarily discontinued business during the year.

The capital of the 2,239 national banks in opperation on July 1, 1882, was $477,184,390, not including surplus, which fund at that date amounted to more than $131,000,000; while the average capital of all the State banks, private bankers and savings banks for the six months ending May 31, 1882, was but $234,929,656. The latter amount is less than two-fifths of the combined capital and surplus of the national banks.

New York city is having a sensation in the enforcement of the Sunday law under the new penal code. On last Sunday about two hundred arrests were made, all among the poorer classes, for breaking the Sabbath. They were arraigned in the police court and dismissed with a reprimand. They comprised milkmen, butchers, grocers, drivers of express wagons and other vehicles, boot blacks, newspaper venders, peddlers, barbers, rag pickers, cigar venders, dry goods dealers, Chinese laundrymen, bill posters and others. About the only class who were not molested were the beer and liquor saloon keepers.

There is a good deal of feeling among the members of the Masonic fraternity in New York and elsewhere over Thurlow Weed's story of the fate of Morgan. Some say that though the story is ingeniously woven it cannot be substantiated, and the Masons will not believe it. Nor will the order take any action to disprove Weed's statement.

—Christmas goods a specialty at Geo. W. Eatons. He keeps a fine line of cigars. New confectionery, No, 8 Brockerhoff house.

OUR RICH MEN.

We give below a list of our wealthy men. The estimate is given as correct, The most of these princes accumulated their millions since the war:—

W. H. Vanderbilt	$260,000,000
Jay Gould	100,000 000
Leland Stanford	100,000 000
C. P. Huntingdon	100,000 000
Charles Crocker	60 000 000
Mrs. Hopkins	50,000 000
Russell Sage	40,000 000
James Flood	40 000 000
James G. Fair	40 000 000
J. G. Mackey	30 000 000
Cysus W. Field	25 000 000
James Keene	20,000 000
Estate of Tom Scott	20 000 000
John W. Garrett	20 000 000
Samuel J. Tilden	15 000 000

In order to form an idea of Vanderbilt's pile let us take the assessed valuation of real estate in Centre county, which is 9 millions. Mr Vanderbilt is rich enough to buy nearly 29 such counties as this Mr. Vanderbilt could stand on the top of Nittany mountain and overlooking nearly the whole of the large, rich and fertile Penns valley, could draw his check for all the beautiful landscape before him, and not miss any of his change.

A NEW TRUNK LINE.

New York, November 30.—The New York, Pittsburg and Chicago Railroad Company is about to begin work upon a road which will virtually give a new trunk line between the East and West A line is contemplated from Pittsburg, Pa., to Marion, Ohio, a distance of one hundred and seventy seven miles, connecting at Marion with the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad, now almost completed and under the full control of the Erie Railroad. The company also contemplates a direct line to Driftwood, Pa., and Salamanca, New York, thereby securing a short line connection with Philadelphia and New York. The company has purchased a large amount of steel rails, and has five hundred men *en route* to complete the road between Wampum, Pa., and New Lisbon, Ohio. Among the promoters of the enterprise are Jas. S Negley, of Pittsburg, President; Thomas P. Simpson, of New York, Vice President; W. S Gurner, F. W. Lockwood, Charles Seidler of Lorillard & Co.; L. M. Bates, of Bates, Reed & Cooley; Senator John McPherson and D. C. Carroll, of Pittsburg. The road will consist of a single track and will be ready for business in a few months. The capital stock of the road is $25,000 a mile and the bonded indebtedness about the same. The road will be equipped for through passenger and freight business between Chicago and New York, and it is to be operated as an indepedent line, in conjunction with one or both of two trunk lines. In this connection it is stated that the Baltimore, Pittsburg and Chicago Railroad controls a short line from Pittsburg west, connecting with the New York, Pittsburg and Chicago Railroad in the Beaver valley, near New Lisbon, that will be put in the course of construction shortly. Strong capitalists have consented to build the road. This will give the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad two outlets in Pittsburg, one over the Pittsburg, and the other over the new road first mentioned.

MR. CUMBERLAND'S MIND-READING.

Henry Ward Beecher and Steele Mackaye Used as Subjects by an English Expert.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland arrived in New York from England, and will make a tour through the country, lecturing on "Thought-Reading," and giving experiments both on that subject and on Spiritualism. In the Everett House, Mr. Cumberland delivered a lecture to a small audience of clergymen and physicians, and showed how rapping could be produced by the medium independent of spirits. Among those present were the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Rev. George H. Hepworth, Dr. G. M. Beard, Dr. A. B Ball, Mr. Steele Mackaye. Dr. M. Clymer, and Messrs. Pond and Edwards, Mr. Cumberland's managers. Mr. Cumberland said before beginning his lecture and experiments that he did not believe in Spiritualism and that the secret of thought-reading lay in the fact that if any one concentrates his whole mind on any one thing, any other person with whom the thinker comes in physical contact will receive an impression of what the subject is thinking of. Mr. Beecher was selected by the lecturer as his subject and, after having been blindfolded, was asked to fix his mind on any particular thing in the parlor. Mr Cumberland then took Mr. Beecher's left hand, and placing it to his forehead marched Beecher around the room for a few minutes, and then suddenly letting go his hand walked to one of the gentlemen present and selected that gentleman's spectacles as the object of Mr. Beecher's attention. His guess was correct

Mr. Cumberland then handed Beecher a $20 gold piece and asked him to mark with it any two places in the room, directing him to fix his thoughts on one mark at a time. Cumberland then left the room and when he returned took Beecher's hand and found the two places Beecher had marked on the wall, and in the order in which he had marked them. Cumberland then offered to tell any one who would give him their hand any part of his body in which he felt pain. Dr. Beard gave Cumberland his hand, and much to the surprise of the doctor his gouty toe was discovered. Ten play-cards were then placed on the table in two rows. each card being placed a short distance from the next one, by which Cumberland proceeded to tell the number of a bank note in a certain person's possession. Several futile attempts were made, which Beecher declared was probably owing to the fact that Cumberland had little knowledge of cards. A nine of spades was finally selected as the first number of the note, and then a three of hearts, a nine of clubs and an ace of hearts, making the number of the note No. 9,391. The same method was followed in this experiment as in the others; that is, the subject gave the lecturer his hand, according to agreement, and thought in succession of each figure in the number of the note. Beecher was then asked to look at the date of a 1-cent coin Cumberland had not seen, and after giving Cumberland his hand to imagine he saw the date three times its size on a piece of paper pinned against the wall. Cumberland then traced the date of the cent—186—on the paper.

The subject of Spiritualism was then up by the lecturer. Cumberland explained that Spirituslism performed defects of sight, hearing and feeling Mr. Steele Mackaye had his eyes blindfolded and could seldom tell where the sound produced by clicking two silver dollars close to his person came from.

Apropos to the present decline in the iron industry, the Philadelphia *Record* puts it thusly: "If it were potatoes or pork that had been cheapened by overproduction instead of steel rails there would have been general falicitation. We would have rejoiced in the cheap food supply and thanked Heaven for it. Why should we not equally rejoice and be thankful for cheap iron? What better right to consideration have the iron makers than the potato growers and the pork-raisers when overproduction brings glutted markets and cheaper prices."

Physicians prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion, weakness, low spirits, etc.

WHISPERERS.

Tale Bearers and Scandal Mongeres Scathingly Denounced by Dr. Talmage.

Dr. Talmage took for the theme of his sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the subject of slander, choosing for his text one word from the twenty-ninth verse of the First Epistle of Romans—"Whisperers." In calling the roll of the world's villany, said Dr. Talmage, Paul puts in the midst those persons known to all communities as whisperers. Whisperers are always first class liars. They are masculine and feminine, with a tendency to majority on the side of those who are called the lord's of creation. These creatures are so small that they can escape the finetoothed comb of the law. They are to be found everywhere, but their paradise is a country village of about one or two thousand people, where everybody knows everybody. The world to them is a whispering gallery. One man or woman set on fire with this hellish spirit will keep a whole neighborhood aboil. When two or three of these whisperers get together they stir a caldron of trouble which makes me think of the three witches of Macbeth dancing around a boiling caldron in a dark cave. Here the preacher recited the witches' chorus, continuing:—Oh, what a caldron! Would you like to have a taste of it? (Laughter.) I have more respect for a poor waif of the street that floats down under the gaslight—for she decieves no one—than for the hags of respectable society who cover their tiger claws with a fine shawl and bolt the hell of their heart with a diamond breastpin.

The work of masculine whisperers is chiefly seen in business embarrassments. Crash goes everything! Ah, if people would only mind their own business we would have a millennium next week! Alas for these talebearers, these whisperers, these everlasting "snoops!" (Laughter.) I hate them with an ever-increasing vehemence of hatred, and I ask God to give me more intensity with which to hate them. I think among the worst of the whisperers are those who gather up all the harsh things that have been said about you. After they have made your feelings all raw they take this turpentine and rub it in with a coarse towel. Rather than defamation of good names it would be a more honorable business to take a box of matches and a razor and see how many houses you can burn and how many throats you can cut. The destruction of a man's name is worse than the destruction of his life But how much worse it is to damage a woman's reputation! Some people say there is no hell, but if there is no hell for such a despoiler of womanly character it is high time that some philanthropist build one. (Laughter.) What a time the whisperers will have when they all get together down there rehearsing things. Semi-heaven of scandalmongers! Stopping their gabble about their diabolical neighbors only long enough to go up to the iron gate and ask some new comer from the earth what is the last gossip in Brooklyn. (Laughter.)

Now, how are we to ward against this iniquity which curses every community on earth? First, by refusing to listen to or believe a whisperer. There is only one person worse than a whisperer, and that is the man or woman who listens without protest. An ancient writer declares that the slanderer and the man who believes the slander ought both to be hanged, the one by the tongue, and the other by the ear—and I agree with him. Don't retail gossip! Don't cackle! But although whisperers may do a little damage their slander becomes a eulogy. Go on and do your duty and God will take care of your reputation. Make right use of your tongue. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of the mouth and that makes you responsible for whichever way it wags. The time will soon come when we will all whisper. The voice will be enfeebled in the last sickness. When that solemn hour comes to you and me, as come soon it will, may it be found that we did our best to serve Christ and to cheer our comrades in the earthly struggle, and that we consecrate not only our hand but our tongue to God, so that the shades that fall around our dying pillow shall not be the evening twilight of a gathering night, but the morning twilight of an everlasting day!

A GREAT STORM COMING.

Official Prediction of a Canadian Astronomer. A Warning to Ship-Owners.

Washington, December 1.—The President has received a communication from Professor E. Stone Wiggins LL. D., Astronomer of the Canadian Finance Department It is dated Ottawa. November 27, and the following is a copy:

May it please your Excellency: On the 23d of September last I announced through the Canadian press that a great storm would occur in March next; that it would first be felt in the Northern Pacific, would appear in the Gulf of Mexico on the night of the 9th and, being reflected by the Rocky Mountains, would cross this meridian from the West at noon on Sunday, March 11 1883. No vessel, whatever her dimensions, will be safe out of harbor and none of small tonnage can hope to survive the tidal wave and fury of this tempest As the wind will blow from the southeast. the planetary force will be sufficient to submerge the lowlands of the American coast, especially those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and washed by the Gulf Stream, while the air currents for several hundred miles along the east side of the Rocky Mountain range, owing to the great atmospheric pressure in those regions, will spread universal destruction. New England States will also suffer greatly from the winds and floods. No point outside of harbor in the whole area of the Atlantic, especially north of the Equator, will be a place of safety, for this will be pre-eminently the greatest storm that has visited this continent since the days of your illustrious first President. In view of this event, therefore, I take the great liberty of representing to your Excellency the advisability of ordering all United States ships into safe harbors not later than the 5th of March, till this storm be passed.

A MINISTER'S GRATITUDE.

Dr. Hartman—Dear Sir: I am thankful to God that I can acknowledge your treatment (Peruna) of my daughter's eye has been successful and satisfactory I would be glad to have the public have confidence in you.—N. P.—Please make your fees in reach of poor people. Remember the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Rev. E. H. Baldwin,
Wattsburg, Pa

Reader ask your druggist for one of Dr Hartman's invaluable books on the "Ills of Life," and how to cure them. You get one gratis.

TAKING HIS WIFE'S LIFE AND HIS OWN.

Pittsburg, Nov 28—John Muller, a well-to-do German saloon keeper, killed his wife and then committed suicide this evening. Muller, who was shaving sent his little girl out and when she returned in about fifteen minutes she found both her parents with their throats cut from ear to ear. It is supposed that after the little girl left the room he went over to his wife, who was sitting on a sofa, and attacked her before she had time to give an alarm or get away.

It is reported Arabi will be exiled to the Cape of Good Hope.

—Cedar's celebrated Bakery is supplied with all the Christmas toys candies and fruits imaginable. Toys for big and little boys and girls—sold very low.

PHILADELPHIA, November 20, 1882—As the object of greatest interest to people outside, as well as inside the city limits, is Wanamaker's, and as this is so immense in extent and so varied in the character and quality of its exhibits, a resume of its contents to be carried on from week to week will no doubt be acceptable to all readers who propose visiting or ordering by mail or by express goods from its inexhaustable stores.

Beginning with what in this season is probably most in demand, dresses for maid and matrons, that portion of the store that will be first sought, will naturally be the readymade suit department, where all visitors may learn of those best qualified to describe the prevailing styles and colors, together with the prices of the exquisite creations of art or the more substantial yet equally becoming costumes designed to please sober tastes and purchaseable at prices that will attract all classes of buyers. This readymade suit department for ladies is on the corner of Chestnut and 13th streets, and is under the direction of a most tasteful and capable designer, who has only recently returned from abroad, after studying the styles presented in the great emporiums of fashion on the continent of Europe and in Great Britain.

On entering this department will be found on one side of the store an immense stock of coats, pelisses, dolmans, etc while on the other side fur wraps of every description are displayed for inspection. In woolen garments light cloth coats of excellent shape, with seal cloth collar and cuffs, are in all sizes for $5 each, as are also plain cloth trimmed with plush, for $6 Imported ulsterettes, in seven different styles of cloth and ornamentation, very stylish and pretty, some with plush trimmings and others with astrachan and braid at $20 and $25. These are of a very superior make and sold at such prices are great below value.

Silk damasse coats trimmed with plush, very fine and beautiful, are $30, while matalasse, almost as handsome as a silk trimmed with fur, which forms both collar and muff, entirely new and original in design, may be bought for $25

French coats profusely trimmed with braid and in a variety of colors—sage, terra cotta, green, gendarme blue for the youthful, as well as more sober tints for $20 and $25 The exquisite material, work and trimmings on these coats are particularly worthy of notice.

Ulsters of heavy cloth in quiet checks than which nothing can be more comfortable are from $14 to $16, while the most desirable of all the imported cloth wraps is one which in style is something between a dolman and ulsterette, unobtrusive though elegant, at $35.

The cloth pelisse, by some called redingotes, trimmed with a ruching of the same material, may be found here of every quality and in prices ranging from $12 to $30.

If something in the fur line is deemed desirable the shopper can turn to the opposite side of the store and inspect some of the many fashionable fur garments, which, owing to the great demand for them this winter, are here in the richest profusion and at moderate prices.

At this department they will learn that the seal holds its own as the leading favorite in the world of fashion, although the natural beaver is highly esteemed, and the ever-beautiful chinchila is hardly behind them in the eyes of those who know its value.

Satin Rhadames and grosgrain, fur lined circulars may be had at $22 and upward to $120. Seal coats, slightly longer than last year's styles can be had from $75 up to $250, while dolmans, coachman's capes and tippets are here, varying in sizes and quality and price; fur trimmings, which sell by the yard, from 40 cents up to $20, are also to be had for ornamenting wraps of every kind. After seeing all that is worth looking at on the first floor the shopper will ascend to the second story, where the stock room for ready-made suits is studied. Here all the new styles in wool and novelty goods are found from simple and lightly trimmed skirts and basques of all wool flannel, plainly and neatly made for $5 up to elaborate costumes in cashmere silk and other woolen fibers at $35, $40 and $50 On this floor, too, are exhibited shawls of every description, the chief, wool, Scotch and Broche from 5 to 50 dollars, with imitation Indias from 25 to 125 dollars and the superb Valley Indias that cost anywhere from $200 to $2 000. Less expensive Indias of the Chudda, Decca, etc., range from $35 to $200

Passing out of this room into the next one will be found a magnificent assortment of fringes, lace, buttons and the like, not for sale there, however, although their duplicates may be found in the various departments on the main floor; but these are to be used on the elegant dresses exhibited there—costumes fit for an empress, or better still, for the representative American woman of more than royal grace and beauty.

These magnificent robes are generally combinations of plain and brocaded velvet and silk, richly trimmed with real lace or costly ornamentation and are in price from $100 up to $250. But the most attractive portion of this department is that recently opened, consisting of parlors, exhibition and fitting rooms, devoted to ordered work. These parlors, covered with Wilton carpet, furnished with ebony richly upholstered, are brightened and beautified with an open-tiled fireplace, brass andirons, shovel, tongs and fender, the whole surmounted by a carved oaken mantle. Scattered through the rooms are antique ebony cabinets and tables, while the dull richness of the paperhanging brings out to perfection the pleasing pictures upon the walls.

Opening out of the large parlor are other charming bijous rooms, among which is a dark one, the floor of which is covered with a handsome sage-colored carpet, with the furniture of pale blue satin, and walls from floor to ceiling composed of French plate mirrors, and which is brilliantly lighted for the exhibition of evening colors, and the study of the effect of such colors by gaslight. An entrance to this little parlor seems to the unitiated like a veritable visit to Fairyland, inasmuch as the visitors find themselves duplicated so many times that the miniature apartment seems transformed into a vast saloon and they in the midst of a crowd of people. Nothing better could be devised for showing American queens how they look in royal robes

Description can give but a vague and unsatisfactory idea of all that is to be seen and purchased in this most complete department of its kind in Philadelphia—or perhaps the world.

OUR PREMIUM—We offer the following: 1st. Any subscriber paying for the Reporter one year in advance, can have 2 months' extra credit, or the Chicago Weekly News 6 months free. 2d. Any subscriber paying one year in advance, and sending us a new name, with cash in advance one year, will be entiled to the Chicago Weekly News one year free each. This is a better offer than is made by any other papers that offers a chromo worth perhaps 5 to 10 cts. or writing paper worth 8 to 10 cents. However, any one preferring 125 sheets of note paper to any of the above, can have it. When you write say which you select. tf

Simon Wertz, Millersville, Pa., says: "Of all the medicines I have ever taken none did me as much good as Brown's Iron Bitters."

N. B. The Bad and Worthless Are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*.

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value.

As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B.

Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously cunningly devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits.

Beware of them. Touch none of them, but: Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. (9)

Lawyers are about as expensive to deal with as doctors, as we observe that the Garfield board of audit has awarded $27,000 for professional services; $5,929.93, for services and supplies; $5,440 for extra services by government employes; grand total, $3?,860.93. The total appropriations to pay claims was $57,500, thus leaving a balance of nearly $19,000. Dr. Bliss will decline the $6,500 offered him in lieu of $25,000 asked. The other doctors will possibly take the same course.

Dusseldorf, November 29.—A house here has fallen in, having been undermined by the flood. Fourteen persons are believed to have been drowned.

—Subscribers to the REPORTER should bear in mind that by paying $2.00 subscription in advance, we allow them two months' additional credit as a premium, or the Chicago Weekly News six months free. tf

There were great floods on the Rhine, last week. The river was not so high in a hundred years, and much damage has been done.

—Don't do without a good, warm overcoat, when that almost indispensible garment can be had for from $3 up, at Lewins' clothing hall. You can purchase a good overcoat at the Philad. Branch at from $3 to $10 less of Lewins than any one else will sell for.

Holiday Goods at Wanamaker's.

One quarter in the store is peculiarly a Holiday quarter, a gift quarter; a place where just a little use is made the vehicle for a great deal of luxury. It is full now; full of wonders; full of pretty things; full of silly things; full of surprises; full of what nobody expects; full of what everybody expects; full, as it has been full near Christmas time before.

Beginning at the very centre of the store, next north are two counters, one of them very large, and one half as large, filled to overflowing with perfumeries and other toilet articles and implements. We positively must not begin to mention names, nor even classes. The only way to get away from these miraculous things is to break away.

Next northwest is a collection of small things that people used to luxury will recognize under the name small leather articles. About the biggest thing there is a portfolio or writing-case. Pocketbooks are the commonest. But such pocketbooks! Oh, yes you can get good substantial pocketbooks there, with not a cent of extravagance in them; but naturally we are thinking of the brighter ones. Leather isn't fine enough. They must enamel it, paint it, deck it out with silk and shining silver and gold Every year people get worse and worse. Every year they must have stranger and stranger things. Silk, plush, velvet and fur bags are there, with all their pretty and handy and cunning fastenings. But we must hurry on.

Next northwest are writing-papers. Here's room for a treatise. We're not going to stop. But anybody who passes that white-looking island of trade in the sea of people, without finding out what *Wanamaker Best* means, in or out of Holiday time, is a loser. What a glory has a page of pure paper!

Photograph albums are next on northwest; and here the circle widens. Is all that long row photograph albums? Is it possible that so many people didn't buy albums last year, when we brought over a ship-load almost? There's a new set of people this year, may be. At least the photographers haven't gone out of business. At this end are velvet frames; yonder are boxes of leather and plush. You can pay $60 for a box that a touch will spoil. Don't suppose that the things put out to show, even under glass, are the fine ones. Whisper to the saleswoman that your pocket is full of money, and that you are aching to get rid of it.

Brass and bronze! Oh, see the mob of brasses and bronzes. Open your dictionary. The first word you come to has its image there. Preposterous things! Have your wits about you. An artist has studied out every one. The artist is a wag too; for jokes abound; little touches of humor and broad farces. So there is pathos; and beauty everywhere. But shall we presume to discourse of ten thousand things in a shop, each of which was born of Art?

North from centre, all the way to the outer circle.

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel, and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets and City-hall square, Philadelphia.

CHRISTMAS AT SANDS BAKERY.

A house full of all kinds of
TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!
TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!
For Girls and Boys.
DOLLS DOLLS DOLLS
DOLLS DOLLS DOLLS

Wagons, Drums, Horns Animals, and a 1,000 of other toys.

CANDIES AND CONFECTIONS

of every kind. Of these goods I have a very full line and can guarantee my candies to be pure and unadulterated All first class goods.

Families supplied with the best Bread,

If you want Cakes of any kind.
Wheat Bread,
Bran Bread,
Rye Bread
CALL AT
SAND'S BAKERY.

CHRISTMAS! IS COMING!!

LET ALL THE PEOPLE REJOICE!

A LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter GOODs, at Wolf's Store.

Equal to Any in the County.

And far Superior to Most any other Stock.

Fine Dress Goods, latest styles—unrivaled for beauty,

Ladies only call and see it!

CLOTHING—Overcoats and suits for Men and Boys.

Hats, Notions, boots and shoes, all styles and every Variety. The PUREST and best GROCERIES, Sugar. Coffee, Teas, none but the best quality and best flavor.

Come and See!

Beats all for Bargains!

SECHLERS!

NEW GOODS!

Just opened a full line of Choice Family

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,

Such as

TEAS, COFFEES
SUGARS, SPICES,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS,
MEATS,
NUTS,
OYSTERS,
FINE CANDIES.

FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,

Together with

GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

New York Weekly Herald, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the Daily Herald and is arranged in handy departments. The

Foreign News

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

American News

are given the Telegrapic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

The Weekly Herald

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

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embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

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of the Weekly Herald gives the latest as well as the the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising cattle grains, trees vegetables &c. with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of the

The Home,

giving receipts for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home department of the "Weekly Herald" will save the house-wife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

Skilled Labor

are lookde after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of business markets, Crops, Merchandise, &c, &c A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

The Produce Market

Sporting news at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Personal and Sea Notes There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the "Weekly Herald," which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

THE NEW YORK HERALD, in a weekly form FOR ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address,
NEW YORK HERALD,
Broadway and Ann Street, New York.

PE-RU-NA

"For Neuralgia in the limbs, stomach, back, breast, side, shoulder-blades, or anywhere else, take PERUNA."

"For Cramp of the Stomach, Colic, Billiousness, Diarrhœa, or Vomiting, take PERUNA."

"For Cough, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, take PERUNA."

"For Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Sore Throat take PERUNA."

"PERUNA is the purest, most prompt, and efficient medicine known to man."

"PERUNA is the best appetizer, purest tonic, finest invigorator of the body and mind."

"If you can't sleep, if you are weak, or worried mentally, take PERUNA."

"But remember the most important of all is that PERUNA will cure Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bright's Disease, and Diabetes of the Kidneys."

If your druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O.

For Constipation and Piles, take

Sold by all Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

FOR SAMPLES OF DRY GOODS

Send to a House Dealing

EXCLUSIVELY IN DRY GOODS,

And thereby secure the advantages offered by the concentration upon one single branch of business of all our vast facilities.

The present season we are showing a stock Aggregating fully

A Million and Quarter Dollars

In Silks, Dress Goods, Cloths, Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel, Housefurnishing Goods, Upholstering Materials, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Fancy Goods, Dress Trimmings, &c., &c. &c.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
Eighth and Market Streets.
PHILADELPHIA.

CHRISTMAS!—NEW YEAR!

PRESENTS FOR ALL!

At the PENNS VALLEY BARGAIN STORE, there is now an Unusually large line of Winter Goods, Shawls, a large and magnificent assortment. Cloths, Flannels, Ladies Coats, all styles. Clothing for men and boys. Overcoats all sizes and prices. Gumboots, Winter Hats and Caps.

In Dry Goods we are determined not to be undersold, and have an exceedingly large stock, comprising everything in the line that the name implies. Dress Goods in every new shape out, Muslins, Calicos, Linens, House Furnishing Goods, in fact anything and everything, bought right and offered right.

In Notions and Trimmings our stock is full of novelties, at the very lowest prices.

Hats, Caps. Shirts Suspenders, Collars Cuffs, Hosiery, etc. Just call and convince yourselves. Room won't allow us to explain fully.

The GROCERY DEPARTMENT is full and complete with Special Articles in that line, Sugars, Coffees, Teas, &c. Only, Come and See, and bring your produce

All Kinds of Country Produce Wanted

Save Money When You Can!

C. Dinges.

LEATHER!

ASK FOR GENESEE SOLE LEATHER IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

Calf Skins, Moroccos, Linings Lasts Thread, Nails, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, and all kinds of Shoe Findings on hand. We also make to order GENTS BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS from the best of French Leather. Leave your orders and a perfect fit guaranteed.

E. GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock of

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full asortment of Fire Brick and Grates on handd.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful, also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co., 12 Barclay st., New York.

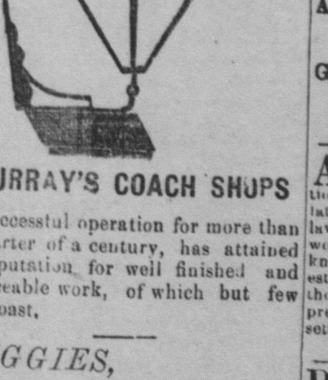
TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription will please address Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers willing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St. N. Y



MURRAY'S COACH SHOPS

In successful operation for more than a quarter of a century, has attained a reputation for well finished and serviceable work, of which but few can boast.

BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, SPRING-WAGONS, &c., kept constantly on hand.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice. The wood work of Bodies, Gearing and Wheels made and sold separately.

SHOP, COUNTY & STATE rights of

PATENT BOW TOP

for Carriages, for sale.

For further particulars, address

LEVI MURRAY, Centre Hall
15dectf Centre Co.,

BUSH HOUSE

W. R Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june15y

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr Culverwell's Celebrated Essays on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHOEA or Seminal Weakness, involuntary Seminal Losses IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once, simple, certain and effectual by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.
41 Ann St., New York, P. O. box, 450.

DR. S. G GUTELIUS.—

Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 8

T Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT Cashier

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.
10ap68tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration upon the estate of Margaret Weaver, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. J. B. FISHER, Adm'r,
9nov6t Penn Hall.

BEST business now before the public You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upward made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 22 dec y

GOLD. Great chance to make money Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & CO Portland, Maine. 22 de

BUTT'S HOUSE BELLEFONTE, PA

FRANK X LEHAM Proprietor.

Best brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accommodations for travelers and Commercial Men. Also Livery Stable. Terms reasonable.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Dec. 7, 1882.

FRED KURTZ, ... Editor.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

GOODS COMING—In Car Load- Of Boxes, Barrels and Express Packages.

GOODS GOING—In Baskets and Bundles of Every Description.

SIX CLERKS BUSY—Waiting on Customers. Come and See Why this is Thus,

G. R. Spigelmeyer & Co.—Whitmer & Co· Spring Mills, Pa.

Mr. G. A. RUNK

Comes to the front as the PRINCIPAL GRAIN AND COAL DEALER OF SPRING MILLS. He buys all kinds of grain both for shipment and to fill the large and increasing demand for Spring Mills Flour and Feed. 1t

LOCAL ITEMS.

NOTICE —No County orders will be issued between December 18 '82 and January 1 '83. Persons interested will take notice By order of the
30 nov3t CO COMMISSIONERS

—D L. Bartges, one of Madisonburg's active young men, gave us a call the other day.

—Esq. Reifsnyder has a new 1700 lb. safe in his office, and not a sofa as the compositor made it read in our last issue.

....Go to Sands' bakery, Bellefonte, for crackers, pies, nuts, toys, candies, dolls, and anything in that line for Christmas.

—H. C. Shirk and D. B. Brisbin advertise farm of Jos. Shirk, dec'd.

—Mrs Rider advertises a fine home in Milesburg for sale.

— Jasp. Wolf advertises letters of administration, on estate of Thos. Wolf.

Esq. Rishel advertises some estray sheep.

....Mr. Runk, of Spring Mills, advertises his grain and coal depot.

....People are busy making sausages, its hard on hogs, but its a good thing for the diner-out.

—A Berks county hunter killed two deer with one ball, in the Seven mts., a short time ago. The animals stood side by side.

—One large room full of Christmas toys at Sands' bakery—drums, horns, wagons, fine dolls, monkeys, and all the funny toys made for boys and girls.

—Our old patron, Philip Heim, has moved back from Indiana to Gregg twp.

—The highest prices given for country produce, and goods sold at cost at Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store.

—J. P. Gephart has sold his interest in lumber on Penns creek to Whitmer, Walls & Co.

—The Butts house, Bellefonte, was badly damaged by fire, on morning of 25 ult.

—Mr John Arney, of near this place, lost 3 large hogs and four shoats by the hog disease.

....An article headed "Whisperers," on adjoining page, may be read with profit by some.

—Choice groceries, fresh and pure at Dinge's cheap store. All table groceries kept; also fresh oysters. If you want good things for the table during the holidays Dinges can accommodate you.

....A meeting of ladies will be held in the Young Men's room, on Friday evening, 7th inst. All ladies interested in the association are requested to attend. Committee.

....While Mr. Herman Miller has obtained his stolen horse the theft bids fair to cost him as much as the horse is worth, and perhaps more, all thro' the cussedness of a skinning lawyer up in Elmira, who exacts $50 from him, for releasing the horse which he alleged to have purchased from the thief for that amount, and who, having the thief in his power, contrived to let him off. In the next place, several parties up there are claiming from Mr. Miller the reward offered, and threaten him with law suits on that account. It looks as though he had fallen among horsethieves, really.

—Go to Eaton's new confectionery for holiday goods. Finest and best of every thing, all new and fresh.

—Sleigh bells jingled on our streets all day on Thursday, thanksgiving, and we have got to think that winter is really on hand.

— A fine lot of boots and shoes—just suited for Christmas presents, at Doll & Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff house block. None offered at lower prices.

—Our young friend C. P. Hewes, formerly of Potters Mills, was admitted to the bar of this county, last week. Mr. Hewes is a young man of more than ordinary abilities and bears an excellent character. The REPORTER offers its best wishes for his success.

—Ready made clothing for men and boys, all prices, and a special lot of over coats, cheaper than the cheapest, at Dinges', where a man or boy can get any thing to dress from head to foot.

—Joseph M'Clellan, of the Loop, bound to keep up with the times, move Simon Ruble's engine to his barn, and threshed his crop by steam.

—To save money, make all your purchases at the Pennsvalley Bargain Store. Mr. Dinges is ambitious to sell the cheapest goods in this section of Penn'a. A general assortment always on hand, and new goods received almost daily.

—Mr. J. M. Housman, living north of Penn Hall, although now 74 years of age, boasts of having a short time ago chopped and ranked two cords of wood, done his feeding morning and evening, walked a mile to and from dinner, all by day-light in one day. He also votes the democratic ticket.

—Do not forget to call at Jno. C. Miller & Co's, next door to post-office, Bellefonte, they have a most beautiful display of holiday goods, and cordially invite you to examine their stock.

—The various suits brought against I. Guggenheimer have been disposed of. The creditors having judgement were paid in full, those of I. Guggenheimer & Co. receiving 75 cents on the dollar, and those of I. Guggenheimer were paid 50 per cent. of the face value of their claims. So says the *Democrat*.

—J. E. Brown Jr. & Co., the new Bellefonte grocery, takes the lead for low prices and first class goods.

L. Weitzel, Wrightsville, Pa., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is giving relief to many suffering invalids in this part of the country."

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin containing the statistics of illiteracy as returned at the Tenth Census. The statistics of Pennsylvania are as follows. Number of population ten years of age and upwards, 3,203,215. Returned as unable to read, 146,138; as unable to write, 228,014. Total number of white persons ten years of age and upwards, 3,135,561; number unable to write, 209,981. Number of native whites above ten years, 1,562,458; unable to write, 123,206. Number of foreign born whites above ten years, 574,103; unable to write, 86,774. Number of colored persons above ten years, 66,554; unable to write, 18,033.

WIFE.

In Indiana lived a soul
Who suffered long and sore,
She could not walk, could scarcely roll,
But limped from door to door;
At last she read "The Ills of Life,"
And found a speedy cure,
No crutches now for this poor wife,
Relief to her was sure!

A FATHER'S BOARD BILL END.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in a recent case will be of interest to many persons in this community. In the opinion just filed by Judge Trunkey, the law is laid down respecting a claim which George H. Miller, son of Adam Miller, deceased, of Cumberland county, made against the estate of his father for board of the latter and wife, and services rendered to them for a number of years that the old folks resided under his roof. The son claimed $1,510, which his father agreed to pay. His brothers and sisters, however, contested his right to the money, and Justice Trunkey says, after consideration of the matter, that no action can be maintained for such services in the absence of an express contract or engagement to pay for them.

"The Millheim deer hunters were in the best hunting region on the Mifflin county side of the Seven mountains the past two weeks with a train of dogs as usual—chasing the deer at a lively rate. These same chaps squealed loudly when their dogs suddenly "quit" hunting last year, and they should bear in mind that there is more of the same kind of "medicine' in store for their canines if they continue their lawless course of driving the deer from their favorite haunts."

The above is what a Reedsville correspondent says in last week's Lewistown *Gazette*. Now if those fellows accuse there shoot Centre county dogs, it is a serious "grievance" on the part of that nation. But there is still another "outrage:" About two weeks ago a lonely hunter of our valley came across a bear in the Seven Mts. which he killed by a shot from his unerring rifle. A short time thereafter a party of Mifflin county Nimrods came along and claimed bruin's carcass and the credit of killing him. Our fellow contended for his bear beef and his sacred rights, but the other fellows cocked and pointed their guns at his breast-works demanding a surrender of the game, or stand a bombardment. Our man seeing the disparity of numbers and that it was useless for one to try surround half a dozen, and not relishing to have his future usefulness as a woodsman ended right there, he surrendered his game and retreated—he hunted and ran away, that he might hunt some other day.

Now the above are sufficient causes for a declaration of war against Mifflin county. Let Milroy be bombarded from the top of the Seven Mts; then capture Reedsville, and storm Lewistown, and hold possession of the conquered territory until by treaty stipulation the conquered agree to shoot no more Millheim dogs, never again interfere with the rights of our bear hunters, and pay all expenses of the unpleasantness. Every patriot in the nation of Centre will cry, Let there wrongs be avenged!

Rev. Dr. Wolf, of the Gettysburg Theol. Seminary, is here on a business visit, and favored us with a call. We are pleased to see the Dr. wear a healthier look than ever.

....Harry Banks, of Altoona, on Monday ate a 20 pound turkey and dressing, and a half a loaf of bread in fifty-five minutes, at Stehle's hotel, that city. It was done on a wager.

....Sands' bakery, Bellefonte, is stocked with the largest and finest assortment of confectioneries for the holidays—fit for princes.

—A railroad war occurred at Snow Shoe, Centre county, a few days since. A new railroad company called the Pennsylvania and Western is laying a track near that place and desired to cross the Pennsylvania's road. The latter company objected and the Sheriff and posse of Centre county were called upon to settle the dispute.

—Go to the new grocery of J. E. Brown Jr. & Co., for cheapest and best groceries. They want all kinds of produce.

—A grand fair and festival during the holidays, by the Millheim Lutheran congregation. Fancy articles, refreshments, meals, etc.

—All goods bought at Doll & Mingle's boot and shoe store, guaranteed, and money refunded when same is not found as represented. No better place for bargains in boots and shoes, for men, women and children.

—Sam'l Treaster, of Treaster valley, caught five bears already this fall.

—A great many persons are getting ready for Pattison's inauguration, which comes off in a few weeks—this is proven by the large demand for suits, fine overcoats, hats, and other articles, at the Philad. Branch. Pattison himself will get his inauguration suit from the same establishment that manufactures ready made clothing for Lewins.

....Jacob M'Cool intends to erect for himself a new residence at Spring Mills.

....Hogs in the neighborhood of Selinsgrove are dying off with disease.

—No family should forget that at Burchfield's grocery goods are being sold off at cost. The stock is a large one and embraces every article in the grocery line.

Congress met on last Monday. The session will last until March 4th.

....An old and intelligent patron of the REPORTER who was seriously afflicted with dyspepsia, informed us recently that he cured himself by abstaining from coffee and taking to tea, and that he communicated this fact to an individual similarly afflicted, and that he too was cured by quitting coffee. Easily tried.

....An old acquaintance informs us that salt regularly fed to hogs is a preventative of ceolera. Simple remedy.

—For a lasting Christmas gift what can be more suitable than a chair, sofa, a lounge, a stand, table, what not, wall pocket, or a parlor or bed-room set? A splendid lot of furniture for the Holiday season, at Brachbills.

....A musical convention will be held in the Evan church, Rebersburg, commencing Christmas eve, 25, and closing with concerts, Friday and Saturday evenings, under the direction of Prof. P. H. Meyer.

....Monday was cold and stormy. Tuesday forenoon pleasant, afternoon rain, and snow at night, clear and colder with wind on Wednesday.

—We are pleased to learn, says the Lock Haven *Journal*, that the Mill Hall furnace is now turning out a first class quality of iron which commands a large price. At the present rate of production the furnace is paying its purchasers over 250 per cent. on the money invested.

....We hear complaint from various sections of our county, as also from other parts of the country, of low water.

—Geo. W. Eaton, No. 8 Brockerhoff house, has for the holidays fancy confectioneries, fresh and canned foreign and domestic fruits, table delicacies of all kinds, at the most reasonable prices.

Louisville, Ky., November 29.—Captain Allen May, of Hardin county, aged 101 years, yesterday procured a license to marry a young woman aged nineteen

Well, if sis and the old man can stand it we are sure we can.

—Ladies there is still a fine assortment of first class dress goods on hand at Brockerhoff's store, which are offered at cost. If you want a new dress for the holidays, or for a christmas present here is the best chance in the world to get it for little money. All goods offered at about cost to get rid of stock.

—Pass into Sechlers, now, and see their stock of groceries, expressly for the holidays. The best of everything; the nicest of everything—and all pure and fresh goods. You want your table supplied with just such goods as Sechler alone keep—No. 1 in everything belonging to their line. Their canned goods are from the best establishments in the world. Their dried fruit—peaches, pears, apples and berries—can not be excelled, they keep the evaporated peaches. The finest confectioneries kept any where, a large assortment for Christmas uses Oysters, the finest and plumpest in market. Glassware, Chinaware, Stoneware, Willowware, Segars, Tobacco, Soap, pure and fresh spices—all these goods warranted as above represented, and sold low.

—All the boys in Bellefonte gather around Cedar's bakery, and stand there all day just to see the world of new Christmas goods.

For low prices in job work, sale bills, etc., call at the Reporter office, or, send your orders by mail. Try us. tf

A BIG HAUL OF DEER.

A hunting party of seven, under the lead of Grenninger & Co., of Coburn, John Horner and son, of near Centre Hall, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Shreckengast, of Nittany, went to the Green woods of Clearfield, and returned last Saturday with seventeen (17) fine deer as their reward. The Horners got five for their snare; the Grenningers got ten, and the Nittany boys got two. When the wagon load of ten deer passed our office we again were glad we were not a deer, but wished we had stock in the game. The party were out 13 days. The last day out they killed five deer.

TAKE YOUR GRAIN OF ALL KINDS AND CLOVER SEED AND GET THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE FOR SALE FROM I. J. GRENOBLE SPRING MILLS, PA. HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

A gentleman residing in the northern part of Philadelphia, whose two little daughters were dying of diphtheria, saw in the Philadelphia "Record" of that day a communication commending the use of sulphur in cases of diphtheria. As a last resort he made a trial of it, using washed flowers of sulphur and applying directly to the membraneous growths in the throats of the children by means of a common clay pipe. The effect was almost magical. Within two hours there was complete relief, and in two days the children, who had been given up by their physician, had completely recovered. While it is not reasonable to rely entirely upon sulphur in the ills that beset childhood, it is doubtful if there has ever been a proper recognition of its value as a destroyer of morbid or fungus membraneous growths in the cases of a diphtheria type. Distilled of sublimed sulphur, known as flowers of sulphur, should be used, not the powdered crude sulphur.

The Scientific American gives the following receipt as a sure cure for corns. If any of our readers are afflicted with these unpleasant companions, it would probably be well for them to give it a trial as the remedy is very simple: "Take one-fourth cup of strong vinegar, crumb into it some bread. Let stand half an hour, or until it softens into a good poultice Then apply, on retiring for the night. In the morning the soreness will be gone, and the corn can be picked out. If the corn is a very obstinate one, it may require two or more applications to effect a cure.

....Between now and the holidays all the goods in the Brockerhoff store—dress goods, cloths, notions, clothing, hats, carpets, canned goods, soaps, glassware, all first class goods will be offered at cost, so as to have the stock closed out by Christmas. That's the place to buy cheap. Go at once and don't miss a bargain.

—Powers has a reputation for honesty and fair dealing that is worth more to him than would be thousands of dollars in capital. People go to Powers & on for boots and shoes because they are treated fairly; no goods misrepresented and prices low. Try Powers if you want boots or shoes, and see whether these are not facts.

....Fortunately for the astronomers, Wednesday opened clear for observing the transit of Venus across the sun's disk. The transit began at 8.42 a. m. and ended at 2 30 p. m. It will be 122 years until the next transit. Astronomers in all parts of the world were on the watch. The importance of it consists in enabling calculations to be made for the exact distance of the sun and other heavenly bodies.

A Jamaica Republican told his wife a few days before the election that if Massachusetts went Democratic he should leave the State, and added that he meant it, too. Upon waking the morning after election he remarked that his olfactories were not greeted with the usual odors from the kitchen; and going to the door he called his wife to inquire the cause, noting at the same time that preparations to move were apparently going on down stairs. She informed him quietly that the State had gone Democratic and he called savagely for a paper that he might know the worst. It was brought to him, and he was closeted with it for some time, then coming to the door he shouted to his wife, "Get the breakfast, Mary; no matter about moving, there isn't any place to go to."

—If you wish to get your little boy—the future President—a Christmas gift, that will make the fellow leap for joy, just stick him into one of those handsome and cheap boys' suits, of which the Philad. Branch has just received a special lot. Go and see Lewins about suits.

....The Altoona *Tribune* boasts of a red beet that weighs 15 pounds. At Spring Mills there is a dead-beat that weighs about 275 pounds.

—Burchfield, in the Centre Co. Bk. building, is selling all his groceries at cost. What a splendid chance for strictly first class goods.

—Fine confectioneries, pure stock, especially for the holidays, also fancy articles and other goods, suited for the Christmas season, just received at Dinges'. Call and see the stock—you can buy as fine a holiday present there as anywhere in the county, and save money besides.

—Monroe township, Snyder Co., has a young lady who this fall husked 1000 bushels of corn. Can any other section of the State beat this? Can any Pennsvalley young lady beat that? if so, she will be entitled to the REPORTER six months free.

—Photograph and autograph albums, just the thing for Christmas presents, at John C. Miller & Co's, Bellefonte, Pa.

—A singular accident occurred near Mt. Carmel, Pa. Mrs. Thomas Moore, residing at Locust Gap, accidentally shot herself while in bed the other Tuesday morning. She had been in the habit of sleeping with a pistol under her pillow During the night she was troubled with unpleasant dreams and awakening suddenly she unconsciously reached for the pistol when it was discharged, the ball entering her left side. She is in a precarious condition and has made an anti-mortem statement exonerating her husband who occupied the same bed.

....Fine groceries, for the table, a special lot for the holidays, at J. E. Brown Jr. & Co's new grocery, Bellefonte.

1883 THE SUN. 1883

More people read THE SUN during the year just now passed than ever before since it was first printed. No other newspaper published on this side of the earth has been bought and read by so many men and women.

We are credibly informed that people buy, read, and like THE SUN for the following reasons, among others:

Because its news columns present in attractive forms and with the greatest possible accuracy whatever has interest for humankind; the events, the deeds and misdeeds, the wisdom, the philosophy, the notable folly, the solid sense, the improving nonsense—all the news of the busiest world at present revolving in space.

Because people have learned that in its remarks concerning persons and affairs THE SUN makes a practice of telling them the exact truth to the best of its ability three hundred and sixty five days in the year, before election as well as after, about the whales as well as about the small fish, in the face of dissent as plainly and fearlessly as when supported by general approval. THE SUN has absolutely no purpose to serve, save the information of its readers and the furtherance of the common good.

Because it is everybody's newspaper. No man is so humble that THE SUN is indifferent to his welfare and his rights. No man is so rich that he can allow injustice to be done him. No man, no association of men, is powerful enough to be exempt from the strict application of its principles of right and wrong.

Because in politics it has fought for a dozen years, without intermission and sometimes almost alone among newspapers, the fight has resulted in the recent overwhelming popular verdict against Robesonism and for honest government. No matter what party is in power THE SUN stands and will continue to stand like a rock for the interests of the people against the ambition of bosses, the encroachments of monopolists, and the dishonest schemes of public robbers.

All this is what we are told almost daily by our friends. One man holds that it is the best religious newspaper ever published, because its Christianity is undiluted with cant. Another holds that it is the best Republican newspaper printed, because it has already whipped half of the rascals out of that party, and is proceeding against the other half with undiminished vigor. A third believes it to be the best magazine of general literature in existence, because its readers miss nothing worthy of notice that is current in the world of thought. So every friend of THE SUN discovers one of its many sides that appeals with particular force to his individual liking.

If you already know THE SUN, you will observe that in 1883 it is a little better than heretofore. If you do not already know THE SUN, you will find it to be a mirror of all human activity, a storehouse of the choicest products of common sense and imagination, a mainstay for the cause of honest government, a sentinel for genuine Jeffersonian Democracy, a scourge for wickedness of every species, and an uncommonly good investment for the coming year.

Terms to Mail Subscribers

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, post paid, as follows:

DAILY: 55 cents a month, $6.50 a year; with Sunday edition, $7.70

SUNDAY: Eight pages, $1.20.

WEEKLY: $1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of unequalled merit, market reports, and literary, scientific and domestic intelligence make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10, an extra copy free. Address

30nov4t I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, THE SUN, N. Y. City.

A TERRIBLE FALL.

A few days ago August Redelin and George Kohler, of the Standard Steel Company, at Logan, Mifflin county, went into the tower about twenty-five feet above the cylinder head of the large steam hammer, to brace the exhaust pipe, which is thirty-five or forty feet high, by nailing four planks across the beams under the roof. Mr. Redelin sat on one side of the plank and Kohler on the other side, the first named doing the spiking. The plank being cross-grained it split diagonally, dropping Redelin and Kohler, the first headformost, on top of the cylinder head, striking one of the bolts which projected from it, cutting a gash three or four inches in his scalp and splitting his skull, killing him instantly. Kohler caught hold of the block and tackle, saving himself from injury. Mr. Redelin had been employed as outside boss at Logan for years. He leaves a wife in delicate health and five children. It is said he had an accidental policy in the Hartford for $2,000.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

The new road from the R. R. to Rarick's wearhouse is completed making it easy towards what it had been—the steep hill in front of the coal yard has been a drawback to teamsters, but is overcome by the change. Schools all in full operation. Some talk of a steam sawmill being put in operation near Spring Mills. The school house is an improvement. A commission furniture room—whas next?—added to the Central Supply Depot and Fair. Ain't Spring Mills coming up? *

From another correspondent:—

Spring Mills sports two hotels, four general stores, one hardware and tin shop combined; an iron bridge across Sinking creek and another to be put across just below Dr. Van Valsah's. The grist mill has been remodeled by its present owner, Mrs. Bartroff, of Philad., and her agent G. A. Runk, has everything in good order There are four coal yards—all seem to be doing a good business, we might judge so by the amount of coal brought here on the cars. Two blacksmith shops, one shoemaker, one tan-yard, one steam sawmill two sawmills by water power, two stone quarries, one by Mr. Michael Nosfker, and the other by A. C. Alexander. And, by the way our friend Mr. Condo is a boss blacksmith—since last Wednesda 29 ult., he has put the shoes on thirty (30) horses roughed, all new shoes, besides quite a lot that had one and two shoes put on and done considerable mending at wagons, buggies and chains; if any of our blacksmiths have done better trot them out. Philip Heim has bought the house and lot of T. B. Jimeson, near the depot, the house Mr Jimeson put up this summer. Mathias Walley had his arm broken at Wm. Stover's—did not learn the particulars. Quite an exciting time among the Republicans in getting ready to go up Salt river; the one claiming a hog by accounts was not right, or at least, took the wrong way to get it; and another a sheep. You should wait until the men are at home and not scare the women and replevy instead of driving them off. But they must have something to live on since Pattison is elected. There are only a few that are going up, and they wish to live well. C. D. Q.

— Fancy goods, notions, and jewelry, sold at cost, at Brockerhoff's store.

There is a genuine curiosity in the shape of a small baby in Milton. Mrs. Thos. Martz gave birth to boy baby six weeks ago. The child is well formed—in fact perfect in every particular—is as lively as a cricket, but at this writing only weighs two pounds.

A large force of men are engaged in laying the pipe for the extension of the pipe line from West Milton to Sunbury, which will cross the river above the dam at the latter place. The line will ultimately be laid to Baltimore.

There are 1,750 men employed in constructing the Shamokin, Sunbury and Lewisburg railroad. The work of laying the rails on the road will commence at West Milton this week. The road is ready for the rails at that point for nearly two miles.

HOW VANDERBILT'S HORSES LIVE

[New York Journal]

Mr. Vanderbilt's $100,000 mare Maud S. will live for the winter in a handsome room, celled with planed white pine and divided in half by a railing on one side of which is her own quarters, bedded with clean straw, and on the other, fresh new matting for the comfort of visitors. On the walls of the room are many handsome pictures, and in a large frame is the name of the mare with her record, etc., the letters of which legend are carved in hickory, with the adornments of horseshoes, whips, stirrups and other jockey fixings cut in miniature, and all relieved by a background of black velvet.

CHRISTMAS-SANTA CLAUS.

SANTA CLAUS'
SANTA CLAUS'
HEADQUARTERS,
HEADQUARTERS,
IS AT CEDARS,
IS AT CEDARS,
FOR DOLLS AND TOYS.
FOR DOLLS AND TOYS.
FOR BIG AND LITTLE
FOR BIG AND LITTLE
GIRLS AND BOYS.
GIRLS AND BOYS
CONFECTIONERIES,
CONFECTIONERIES,
THE FINEST AND BEST
THE FINEST AND BEST.

All the toys of the World, Horns, Drums, Balls, Dishes, Dolls, and every plaything in the Toy line.

Stock of Candies and Nuts unsurpassed, at

CEDAR'S BAKERY, BELLEFONTE

COIN AND PAPER CIRCULATION.

The total amount of the circulating medium of the country on November 1 is given as follows:—

Treasury notes outstanding	$346 681,016
National bank notes "	362 727 747
Gold in the Treasury less certificates held by the banks	148 435 473
Standard silver dollars in Treas.	92 414 97.
Subsidiary silver coin and silver bullion in the treasury	30 761 925
Coin in the national banks	102 362 063
Coin in State and savings banks	17 892 500
Estimated amount of coin held by the people	387,662 793
Total	$1 488 838 554

The estimated total currency of the country on Nov. 1 thus appears to have been more than $1,488,000 000 in excess of the amount held on January 1, 1879, and $186,000,000 in excess of the amount held two years ago—on Nov. 1, 1880. The gain in gold coin since the resumption of specie payments alone have been $288,000,000, and in gold and silver coin $394,000,000. The increase in national bank notes has been nearly $39,000,000.

Bats.

One of the most wonderful cases of a large bat roost came to light in a town of New Jersey, where a house and fine lot were deserted by tenants, who were unable to stand the encroachments of these midnight marauders. As soon as the sun went down the house seemed surrounded by them, and was a window left open, the room would soon be the scene of wild confusion; the very air seemed alive with them. The place was called the "Bat-ery," and they were left in undisputed possession of the place until within a few months, when a gentleman taking possession, determined to unearth the mystery. He soon traced the bats to an unused barn, and a thorough investigation brought to light a wonderful sight. The garret of the barn had never been used, so was boarded up, leaving only a few small holes of access, and through these the bats had passed, and for 50 years or more had lived there and multiplied. The room was one living mass of them, piled upon each other and hanging in every possible position. When the roof was broken in, they rose thousands upon thousands, in a cloud. The floor was covered to a depth of four feet with guano, mingled with myriads of bones of those that had died. It was a combined birth and burial place for all Jersey bat-dom. The owner, in relating the occurrance in a report to the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, states that without exaggeration there must have been over 500,000 bats in the place. The old building was destroyed, and since then only the ordinary number [illegible] have been seen.

—Cedar's stock of Christmas goods—toys, candies and fruits—beats all others combined and prices so low that any little one can be made glad with a Christmas gift.

— Lock Haven market: Butter 30 to 35c per lb., eggs 32 to 35c per dozen, potatoes 55c per bushel, chickens 50 to 70c per pair, lard 17c per pound, apple butter 60c per gallon, corn 75c, oats 50c, turnips 40c, celery 3 to 5c per stock, cabbage 4 to 7c per head, apples 75c to $1.25 per bu., chestnuts 15c per quart, ducks 70c per pair, honey 20c per pound, turkeys $1 to $1 25 each, by the pound 12½c, geese 75c each.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, 75, 90, and 1.00.
Rye 70c
Corn, shelled 80, and ears new 60
Corn, shelled, 90c.
Oats, 40c
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 50c to 75c
Cloverseed, 500 to 5.50
Timothy seed, 1 60 to 1 75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $5,00
Butter 25c
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12½.
Ham, 15c
Shoulders 14c
Bacon or side, 14c
Eggs per doz. 25c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble
COAL—Pea, 3 35; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5 00, Egg, 4 85.

MARRIED.

On 31 ult., by M. L. Rishel, esq., at the residence of Isaac Raymon, Mr Franklin Raymon and Miss Mary E. Smith, both of Gregg twp.

At the Lutheran parsonage, Mifflinburg, on 23d ultimo, by Rev. S. Henry, Mr. M. Gunsales, of Howard, Centre county, and Miss Emma E Shively, of Laurelton.

On 22d ult., at the residence of the bride's parents, Middlesex, Cumberland county, by Rev. S. Aurand, Rev. C. F. Gephart, of Millheim, to Miss Sallie A. Hengy

On 22 ult., by Rev. J. Max Lantz, Mr. Ira Burket and Miss Ophelia Biddle, both of Stormstown, Centre county.

On Nov 21, at Aaronsburg, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. Emanuel Eungard and Miss Susan S. Von Nadie, both of Haines twp.

On 8 ult., by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Jonathan Moser, of Haines twp., and Mrs. Harriet Gillman, of Harris twp.

On 26 ult., by the same, Mr. J. B. Holterman, of Oak Hall, and Miss Susan Kuhn, of Harris twp.

DIED.

On 17 ult., at Boalsburg, Miss Minnie G. Condo, aged 13 years, 7 months and 15 days.

On 21 ult., at Shingletown, Miss Mary E. Kuhn, aged 18 years and 22 days.

On 4 in the Loop, Abraham Miller, aged 79 years.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale, at the late residence of Joseph Shirk deceased, 1½ miles west of POTTERS MILLS, Potter township, on Saturday, December 23 1882, at 2 o'clock p. m., the following valuable real estate late the property of said Joseph Shirk viz: A valuable tract of Farming Land in Potter twp., bounded by the lands of Daniel Fleisher, George M. Harter, Thomas Stiver, and others, containing 130 acres more or less. Thereon erected a Two-story Frame dwelling house, nearly new, a bank barn and other outbuildings. There is a good orchard on the place, a never failing spring of excellent water at the door from which it is piped to the barn. Also a tract of Mountain Land, within a mile of the farm, bounded by lands of Joseph Neff, Uriah Slack's heirs and others, containing Thirty Acres, more or less, and is covered with a good growth of timber. Terms will be made known on day of sale.
H. C. SHIRK,
D. B. BRISBIN,
Adm'rs of Joseph Shirk, dec'd.

MILESBURG PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

A very valuable property in Milesburg, is offered at private sale, consisting of two excellent town lots, thereon a 2½ STORY HOUSE, with all necessary outbuildings; a never-failing well of soft water at the door, choice fruit, peaches, pears, plums, cherries and smaller fruits on the premises. Persons desiring to purchase a pleasant and profitable home, can call upon Mr. Kliss Zimmerman, who will show them the property. For further information apply to MRS. JOHN RIDER,
7dectf Tussyville, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Thos Wolf, late of Miles twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
J. R. WOLF Rebersburg,
7dec6t Administrator.

ESTRAY.—Three sheep came to the premises of C. A. Musser, in Gregg twp., about the middle of May, 1882, one a black ewe, and one a white ewe, and one a white lamb with both ears cut off short, The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs, and remove the same, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.
7dec3t M. L. RISHEL.

LOOK HERE!

Unusual Bargains!

My entire stock of FINE, FRESH GROCERIES, etc., will be sold off at cost to close out. SALE HAS COMMENCED. NOTHING RESERVED. COME NOW.

W. E Burchfield,
30 nov. tf. 36 HIGH STREET. BELLEFONTE.

VALUABLE BLACKSMITH Stand For Sale.—The undersigned offers his property at Tussyville, at private sale, consisting of a two story HOUSE, BLACKSMITH SHOP, and half an acre of ground. The blacksmith stand is one of the best in the valley. Terms reasonable and possession given any time.
JONH REITER,
9novtf Tussyville, Pa.

Over 5000 Druggists AND Physicians Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Seabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York: Gentlemen:—For the past few years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Pharmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Plasters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25 c. MEAD'S MEDICATED CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

It is said that a survey will soon be made for a proposed narrow guage railroad from Gaines up to the west branch of the Pine creek and down the east fork of the Sinnemahoning, through Potter and Cameron counties.

A Post of the G. A. R. was organized in Oceola on Tuesday evening of last week, by members of John W. Geary Post, of Phillipsburg. Mr. Davis, of Oceola, was elected commander of the new Post, which starts out with a good membership.

—Teat's grocery keeps up and ahead for Christmas stock. Finest confectioneries, fruits, nuts of all kind, etc, goods for the family table, goods to suit any and all, and prices low. A special stock for the holidays. Call in before purchasing elsewhere, and see what Teats keeps—opposite the Bush house.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

SCHOOL TAX.—Notice is hereby given that the duplicate of Potter school district is in the hands of the undersigned for the ensuing year. On all taxes paid to him before December 1st, there will be a deduction of 5 per cent. Taxes unpaid from said date to January 1, 1883, will be held at face of duplicate, and on all taxes unpaid after latter date, there will be an addition of 5 per cent.
26oct 6 JAMES A. KELLER, Treasurer.

CHRISTMAS!!

TOYS, TOYS. TOYS, TOYS. TOYS, TOYS.

1000 DOLLS — BISK, WAX, PATENT, CHINA, GUM.

Tea Sets. China and Japan Vases, Mugs, and fancy Wares, Cups and Saucers. Moustache Cups, OIL PAINTINGS and CHROMOS.

An immense stock of JEWELRY at Bottom Prices.

100 Accordions from 75 cts up,

100 Violins, from 7 ts up.

Harmonicas, Jewsharps and all kinds of small insrtuments.

Call and see our stock for the Holidays.

23 Nov. 2m. BUNNEL & AIKEN. Bellefonte.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against selling my wife, Sadie E. Emerick, any goods or articles whatever, on my account, she having left me without cause of mine, I will pay no debts of her contracting.
23nov3t H. D. EMERICK, Potter Twp.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as neat full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential.
J. D. MURRAY.
jun22tf Centre Hall.

New Departure.

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

-FOR=CASH-

or its equivalent.

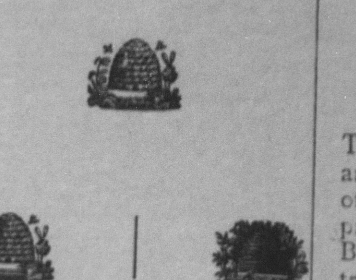
Thankful to my customers for their past patronage, I hope to meet them in the future at my old stand, where I am confident I can sell much CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and LOWER than elsewhere. Have determined to give my customers the benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. Respectfully,

I. J. Grenoble,
13july Spring Mills, Pa.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REPORTER OFFICE.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS.



THE GREAT

BEEHIVE

STORE

Money Refunded

if goods do not turn out as represented, and no growling.

Special Attention

is called to our stock, which is larger and more varied than ever.

Every Department

is now complete.

All Goods

are marked in PLAIN FIGURES . . . AMERICAN FIGURES and at prices within the reach of any purse be it large or small.

DRESS GOODS.
SILKS *A SPECIALTY*,
VELVETS,
PLUSHES,
BLANKETS,
FLANNELS,
HOSIERY,
RIBBONS,
LACES,
NOTIONS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
MATTINGS,
HATS,
CAPS,

Gents Furnishing Goods,

MERCHANT TAILORING,

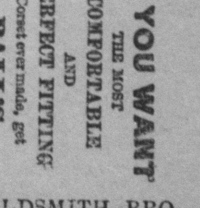
&c., &c., &.

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S SHOES.

LADIES' Coats & Dolmans.

MISSES & CHILDREN'S Coats & Dolmans.

Having purchased for CASH several cases of desirable DRESS GOODS of a defunct manufacturer at ruinous prices, we will in turn dispose of same to our customers at about one-half their value. REMEMBER they are the latest styles and in all the new and describable shades such as Terra Cotta, Crushed Strawberry, Olive, Myrtle, Plum, Garnet, Navy Browns and Blacks,



IF YOU WANT THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING Corset ever made, get BALL'S Health Preserving Corset. It adjusts itself perfectly to any form. For sale by

GOLDSMITH BRO.,

BEE HIVE

ONE PRICE STORES.

Bellefonte, Pa.

N. B.—We are sole agents for BALL'S Health Preserving Corset.

Thanksgiving to Christmas.

Twenty business days intervene between these two holidays, and we propose to make them, if possible, the greatest days of all the year for Oak Hall sales. We are thoroughly prepared with Overcoats and Suits for Men of all sizes and Boys of all ages. All that remains is for the people that trade in Philadelphia to believe what we say and come for our goods.

Prices are Extremely Low.

Our goods have been well bought, and most of them cannot be replaced at cost prices. Costs, however, have nothing to do with our selling prices. Prices are made in Oak Hall solely with reference to the cost of reproducing the goods. If we make, it is well, if we lose it is bad; but make or lose, the buyer has the least possible price.

The stock contains, made and making, over 10,000 OVERCOATS; over 200 lines of men's and young men's suits; over 160 lines of suits for large and small boys. The value of this stock was, thirty days since, over

One Million Dollars.

It is less now, but still very big, and big enough for all who will come. Fresh goods put in stock daily.

A special bargain now on our counters is our

$12.00 Fancy-back Cassimere Overcoat,

which, however, is only one among a great host of interesting things.

Wanamaker & Brown,

Oak Hall, 6th & Market Streets,

Philadelphia.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE—Letters of administration upon the estate of James McCormick, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
ISABELLA McCORMICK.
2nov6t J. O. McCORMICK Admr's.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

JOHN F. POTTER. Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages &c. Bellefonte Pa.

DR G W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered 14adr

THAT WONDERFUL BOOK. GUIDE TO SUCCESS. WITH FORMS FOR BUSINESS AND SOCIETY

Is selling by tens of thousands. It is the most universally useful book ever published. It tells completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way. How to be Your Own Lawyer. How to Do Business Correctly and Successfully. How to act in Society and everywhere. A gold mine of varied information to all classes for constant reference. WANTED—AGENTS for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to H. B. SCAMMELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 10aug6m

CENTRE HALL Carriage Shops.

J. O. DEININGER Proprietor J. W. HENNY Superintendent

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK jan27

THE CREAM OF ALL BOOKS OF ADVENTURE. PIONEER AND DARING HEROES AND DEEDS

The thrilling adventures of all the hero explorers and frontier fights with Indians, outlaws and wild beasts, over our whole country, from the earliest times to the present. Lives and famous exploits of DeSoto, LaSalle, Standish, Boone, Kenton, Brady, Crockett, Bowie, Houston, Carson, Custer, California Joe, Wilde Bill, Buffalo Bill, Gens. Miles and Cook, great Indian Chiefs and scores of others. Gorgeously illustrated with 175 fine engravings to the life. AGENTS WANTED. Low priced and beats anything to sell. STANDARD BOOK CO. Philadelphia, Pa. 10aug6m

LEWISTOWN Marble & Granite WORKS.

D. R. STRATFORD, Proprietor, Lewistown, Pa.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public of Pennsvalley that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in MARBLE AND GRANITE at

Cheaper Rates Then Elsewhere

Write or call on Clevan Dinges for terms and designs.

I have accepted this agency with the view of introducing the work turned out by the Lewistown Marble & Granite Works.

Confident that I can furnish first class work at greatly reduced prices from what has been usually paid; all work warranted and erected on the graves.
Respectfully,
16octly CLEVAN DINGES. Centre Hall.

HARDWARE, Jas. Harris & Co ARE SELLING VERY LOW REAPER SECTIONS and REAPERS And all kinds of Farming Tools, RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, SPROUT'S HAY FORKS, ROPE, BLOCKS, ETC., As well as all kinds of HARD WARE, to meet all demands in this line.
JAS HARRIS & CO. Bellefonte.

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO. CENTRE HALL, PA. RECEIVE DEPOSITS and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Goverament Securities, Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF Pres't WM. B. MINGLE Cashier

J. ZELLER & SON DRUGGISTS, No. 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte Penn'a. Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c. Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept.

CUT THIS OUT! AGENTS MAKE $15 TO $40 PER WEEK. We have stores in 15 leading Cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly. Our Factories and Principal Offices are at Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and terms to agents. Address M. N. LOVELL 523 French Street

Goods AT COST! —AT— And Brockerhof's NEW STORE! CENTRE HALL.

Grand Opening —OF— *NEW STOCK*,

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Sweet Christmas Time.

Sweet Christmas time,
When church bells chime
And songs of praise are heard;
When old friends meet,
When fond hearts beat,
And ev'ry pulse is stirred.

When gifts are made,
When vows are paid,
And joy alone is king;
When eyes grow bright,
When cares seem light,
And tender mem'ries cling.

The church bells ring,
The children sing,
The presents deck the tree;
The fires glow,
The viands flow—
What day could brighter be?

To lively air
The young and fair
Whirl o'er the creaking floor;
The old, gray men
In thought again
Live all their childhood o'er.

Sweet Natal Day!
Let none, we pray,
Forget its inspiration;
A Child was born
On Christmas morn,
And brought the world salvation!

—*Frank H. Stauffer.*

A Chance Introduction.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Delayed by a railroad accident and compelled to remain over Christmas at Fordville! Here was a predicament for an overworked reader for a popular magazine off for a hard-earned holiday!

What made it the more exasperating was that I happened to be on my way to visit some friends who had with them a young lady guest who had been described to me as such a paragon of loveliness and worth that I had quite settled it in my mind that she was destined to prove the "inexpressible she" whom I had hitherto sought in vain.

Fordville! Where had I heard the name before, and what association had I with the place? Diving deep into the recesses of my memory, I made the rather startling discovery that I had once actually had a correspondent in Fordville. It happened in this way:

A few months back a manucript had been put into my hands for examination which, as I at once perceived, was the venture of a very young lady, whom I subsequently discovered to be a certain Miss Nellie Temple. This fact was stated in a confidential note to the editor, the young authoress desiring that only her *nom de plume* (a sweetly sentimental one) should be given to the world. After reading her story, I had written to the young lady, and the contents of my letter I now found it rather irksome to recall. After a somewhat more lenient criticism of her manuscript than was usual, I had been compelled to write and decline the honor of its publication. I had chosen this task myself instead of intrusting it to the corresponding clerk, because I had an irresistible desire, which I hardly knew how to explain to myself, "to let her down gently," as the phrase is. The fact is, the little letter that had accompanied the story interested and pleased me in inverse ratio to the effect of the work itself. The letter was girlish, natural and frank, while the story was artificial, mawkish and dismal. All the hearts were mere shattered wrecks, and all the hopes desolate and unrequited. The heroine sighed and sobbed her way through from beginning to end, and the hero only appeared upon the scene to glare about him with orbs of consuming gloom and to discourse solely upon such subjects as wasted hearts and blighted hopes, in a basso-profundo voice. In the end, although no reasonable obstacle to their union appeared, they were ruthlessly torn asunder, and the authoress dropped her curtain over them like a black pall. It was execrable, and there was nothing to do but decline with thanks. This I did in a note unnecessarily apologetic and diffuse, which had the effect of procuring me another letter from the young authoress. It was a pretty little epistle, as the other had been, and interested me much in the same way. She asked for counsel and advice, and appealed with awed timidity to my wide literary experience. She told me that she desired to make literature her profession, it being necessary for her to support herself, though, like Dr. Johnson's man, she acknowledged that she had several other irons in the fire. I refrained from imitating his advice and telling her "to put this where the other irons were;" but I confess that the witticism recurred to me with a startling fitness. Two or three more letters passed between us and then, though I had been really interested in the young creature, I had, as it annoyed me to remember now, let the correspondence die out. It had left me, however, with a real curiosity as to her nature, experience and surroundings. It was strange that so young a lady should have come to regard life as such a howling waste and the world so awfully hollow. Certainly I could imagine that she might prove rather melancholy company, if her conversation and ideas resembled her heroine's, as of course they would. She was just the sort of writer to feel impelled to write an autobiography, and yet, though it seems paradoxical, while her heroine seemed to be the quintessence of dismal insipidity, I felt exhilarated by the thought that my Christmas at Fordville was to be enlivened by the acquaintance of Miss Temple.

It was too late to make any effort to find out the young lady that night, so, after eating a very well prepared supper at the village inn, which proved to be as comfortable within as it was dilapidated without, I went to bed and slept soundly, waking next morning in a frame of mind Mark Tapley might have envied. A bright wood fire was crackling on the hearth as I walked to the window and drew aside the curtain. Outside the ground was covered with snow which had fallen during the night, and which now lay crisp and sparkling in the brilliant winter sunshine. I dressed hastily. The vital necessity of having a sleigh-ride at once presented itself, quickened by the sounds of bells coming and going swiftly over the country roads.

After doing justice to a deliciously cooked breakfast I found my way to the front porch, where my host was walking up and down, enjoying his pipe. I had begun to question him as to the practicability of procuring a sleigh when the sound of merry laughter smote upon my ear, and at the same time a dazzling little creature, with fluttering red ribbons, appeared on the porch of the neat cottage across the way. She was a perfect little beauty, with a face from which the ideas of merriment and good humor were inseparable. The peal of laughter which I had heard had evidently been directed toward some one in the house, for she stood alone upon the porch holding a scarlet woolen comforter in her hand.

"Look, Uncle Davy," she called out in a sweet, gay voice; "I've finished your muffler at last—just in time for the snowy weather!"

Hid behind a wide old pillar, I listened with much interest, as the old man expressed his delighted thanks.

"But how am I to get it across to you?" the girl went on. "I know your rheumatism won't allow you to come for it, and the snow would be over my shoe-tops."

As the dilemma remained unsolved I stepped from my hiding-place and offered myself as Uncle Davy's messenger. Accordingly I descended the steps and crunching the untrodden snow beneath my feet, crossed over and approached the young lady. As I looked up at her I observed that though she was standing in the same attitude, holding the scarf in her hand, a marked change had come over her face, which now looked profoundly amazed.

As I approached her, however, she responded very prettily to my bow, and when I swept off my hat with flattering deferentialness and explained that Uncle Davy had intrusted me with the honored mission of bringing him his scarf, she handed it to me with a very becoming flush and smile and thanked me with a demure courtesy.

I did not feel at all like turning my back upon her and returning to the vicinity of the old hotel, but there was nothing else to be done; so I replaced my hat and found my way over to Uncle Davy and delivered the scarf. The old man received his present with the greatest delight, and after vociferously shouting his thanks across the street, turned and entered the house for the purpose, as he explained, of exhibiting his scarlet trophy. As he vanished down the narrow hall I heard him call out:

"Wife, where are you? Come and see the pretty present Miss Nelly Temple has sent me."

Miss Nelly Temple! Here was a surprise. I remembered now that I had heard him call her Miss Nelly, but I had been so engrossed at the time that the name had not struck me, and I had, for the moment, forgotten the existence of my melancholy young high-tragedy authoress. How could she possibly be identical with that piquant little beauty yonder? And I raised my eyes to draw the contrast, only to discover that she had disappeared.

I hesitated for a moment as to my course, but as I recalled the very grateful and admirable tone of her last letter to me, which had convinced me at the time of its receipt that she had put me on a pedestal along with Emerson, Holmes and Longfellow, I thought I might venture to take a decisive step, so, without more ado, I took my way again across the street, and walking bodily up the steps, knocked at the door. As I did so I caught sight of some scarlet ribbons screened behind the muslin curtains of the window going on the porch, which now, however, quickly disappeared. Then I could hear, where I stood, a whispered conference in the hall, and then, in a minute more, the door was opened, not very wide, by a negress, who regarded me rather wrathfully as I said composedly:

"I want to see Miss Nellie Temple, if you please."

"Well, you can't see her then, sah," was the prompt reply.

"Why not?" I asked, quietly.

"'Cause she says you'll have to excuse her. You can't see her," she repeated with emphasis. It was clear that she resented my vist as an intrusion and felt called upon to protect her young mistress.

"But I am very anxious to see her," I said, urgently. "Take her my card."

I produced one and handed it to her. She looked at it doubtfully a moment, then took it from me with a jerky motion, saying, in an audible undertone:

"She ain' gwine come," and disappeared with it.

And now the notes of another voice smote upon me clear and low, but expressive of a subdued resentment.

"I don't care to see the card," it said. "I cannot see the gentleman; he must excuse me."

There was a second's pause, during which, as I shrewdly suspected, dignity gave way to curiosity, and my card was examined. And sure enough the next moment little Miss Dignity appeared before me, covered with blushes, holding my card.

"Are you really Mr. Julian Moore?" she said. "I beg your pardon, but I had no idea of it. You must have thought me so rude."

Having assured her of my identity and called up in her bonny face a fresh phalanx of dimples, I followed her into the parlor.

"I thought it was some one stopping at the hotel whom I did not know, and felt almost frightened, and I was rude, I'm afraid. You have been so very kind about taking the time to answer my letters that I am ashamed to have given you such a reception."

She addressed me with so much awed respect that I experienced something of the sensation of a literary lion, for the first and probably the last time in my life, and set myself at once to the task of putting her at ease. I inquired about the story and expressed a deep anxiety as to its ultimate appearance in print, assuring her that it needed only a little thoughtful revision to make it a shining success, thereby undoing all my earnestly-laid plot to discourage her from writing more, which I had subtly introduced into my letters. I saw that she listened with delighted surprise, and I waxed more and more eloquent, expressing and certainly feeling ten times the emotion and enthusiasm that a talk with George Eliot would have inspired. It was delicious to call up such a happy light into those lovely eyes and such a confused pleasure to the sweet voice that responded to me. I was playing the idiot, but I had completely lost my head. After a long talk she explained, with much hesitation, that she would be obliged to get ready for church, as she played the organ and must not be late, and when I asked, feeling a strange timidity myself, whether I might be allowed to accompany her, she told me the church was several miles away, and that an uncle and aunt who lived in the country would call for her in their rockaway.

"But wouldn't a sleigh do as well as a rockaway?" I asked, a delightful project suggesting itself. "Perhaps I might get a sleigh and drive you out."

She hesitated a moment, and I could see that the project delighted her. So I said no more, but returned to Uncle Davy and procured the use of a shabby little box on runners, with a steady little horse, and when I appeared at the door opposite I was soon joined by Miss Temple, who looked prettier than ever in a coquettish hat with a red lining and a coquettish little fur muff and collar.

A few minutes later we were skimming over the country roads with hearts as light as air. I had forgotten my friends who were expecting me elsewhere—forgotten the brilliant young lady who had been good enough to express some interest in my coming. I had forgotten everything and everybody on earth, indeed, except the bewildering little being beside me.

"It was so kind of you to come with me," I said. "How can I ever thank you enough? It shows me what a generous and confiding nature you have, and you shall never regret it."

"Why, of course, I was delighted to come with you, Mr. Moore," she said, looking at me with wide, questioning eyes. "I am sure I ought to do everything you ask after all the valuable advice you have been kind enough to give me."

When we reached the church I could see that my appearance was perceived with great surprise by Nelly's young friends in the choir, which was increased by the fact of my joining in, brave and strong, in the music which Nelly accompanied and led. She praised my singing very highly afterward, and said my voice furnished just the support hers needed. What a happy day that was, and what a never-to-be-forgotten thing was our ride home.

I went over and spent that evening with Nelly and she took me into her confidence and friendship in the sweetest way in the world. Of course she introduced me to her people and I had to be inspected by them, but I found that they were all her willing slaves and her approval of me was the only guarantee they required. Indeed they were, one and all, so unconventional and unworldly that I felt a little uneasy at the thought of my dear little Nelly's being without a more capable protector, and not averse to assuming the position myself. I wrote to my friends and made some convenient excuse for not joining them, and spent all my holiday in Fordville.

At my own request one evening Nelly brought out the familiar manuscript and we read it over together. I managed to keep down my irreverent laughter at its reiterated sighings and sobbings and complainings. Only once, in the principal love-scene in which was reached the acme of its dismalness, I looked up at her shyly, and said:

"Is this really your idea of love? Do you believe when two people are in love with each other that they go through all these dreadful tortures and suffer all these agonizing pangs?"

To my utter amazement, she replied by snatching the pages out of my hand and throwing them into the fire. As I sprang up in the vain endeavor to check her I caught her two hands in mine, and having caught them, I held them.

"Let it burn," she said, turning her flushing face toward me; "I never knew how utterly silly and absurd it was before."

"And have you learned since?" I asked, still holding her hands and now forcing her to look at me. "Tell me, Nelly, who has taught you? You must not forget that you have chosen me for your critic and instructor, and if you'll let me teach you this one lesson, and will try to learn it faithfully, you will have reached such a state of mature development that you will need no more culture. Only learn what it is to love truly, and allow your teacher to select your object, and you will possess all the knowledge and cultivation he will ever require of you."

It came upon her very suddenly, and a few preliminary exercises were necessary before she quite satisfied me as a pupil, but the giving those lessons was the greatest joy I had ever known, as the result of them was what I consider the finest success of my life. Uncle Davy was much surprised at the turn of affairs and a good deal puzzled at the preliminaries, or rather the lack of any such.

"Lor', I never dreamed of his being Miss Nelly's young man," he said to his wife.

"I wonder why he's never been to Fordville before," returned the good woman, meditatively.

"I asked him about that," said Uncle Davy, "but he kinder smiled and said that though he had never been to Fordville before, he had for some time been in correspondence with the place, and that Miss Nelly was far from being a stranger. I suppose she met him when she was off on that visit last year, and has been corresponding with him ever since."

This explanation was circulated throughout the town, as I intended it should be, and seemed to be entirely satisfactory. I had a bold plan of hurrying up the wedding when once I had secured Nelly's consent, and so successful did this prove that two months after that Christmas day on which I first made acquaintance with Fordville, Nelly and I were married there.

And to think that all this came about through that dismal story that Nelly and I have such laughs over now!

Well, let those who may, climb to the loftiest heights of literary eminence, I shall not grudge them their success. Being a rather overworked and underpaid reader for a magazine may not be considered the pinnacle of literary glory, but it has been the means of winning me a treasure which I would not exchange for the fame of Shakespeare.

Last Moments of Maximilian.

At 7:30 in the morning Colonel Palacio with a detachment of soldiers came for the emperor, who, perfectly collected, sadly bade farewell to those about him. The entire garrison of Queretaro was out under arms, and the sentenced men were conducted in a carriage to Cerro de las Campanas, the scene of Maximilian's surrender to his enemies.

As the emperor stepped forth from the damp convent walls into the open street he looked around, freely inhaled the fresh morning air and exclaimed, "What a magnificent day! I have always wished to die on a day like this."

The city seemed deserted. Not a soul to be seen in the streets, shops closed, no curious gazers in the balconies, no spectators on the roofs—a veil of universal mourning seemed spread over Queretaro; for the unfortunate Maximilian had won the attachment of its people, and they deeply deplored his fate.

On the hill of Las Campanas, which overlooks the pleasant city with its numerous towers and cupolas, and near the spot where he had retreated after his betrayal, the emperor stepped into the square formed by the troops, again embraced the two who were to be his companions in death, and quietly and firmly took his stand facing the platoon detailed for his execution.

Miramon and Mejia were now brought forward. The first remained a few paces from the emperor, and Mejia, instead of taking post at the other side of the emperor, passed on beyond Miramon.

Once more the emperor stepped forth. Giving his hand to each soldier of the platoon detailed for his execution, he presented him with a newly minted double eagle bearing his medallion, saying: "Aim well—aim here," pointing to his heart, and returned to his place. Then in a clear voice he exclaimed: "Mexicans, may this blood be the last to be shed for the welfare of your country!"

Miramon in a few words repelled the imputation of treason.

Mejia cried out: "Viva Mejico—viva 'rl Emperador."

The rifles cracked—the three victims fell to the earth. "Hombre," whispered the emperor, as he sank—and all was over.

We need not dwell on the dreadful picture. There fell a noble heart. Maximilian, archduke of Austria, went to Mexico firm in the belief that its people called him, and with the desire to bring it naught but benefits and blessings. And what did he find? Treachery and bad fath.

Maximilian was a prince, a sailor, a poet, and more—a noble, honorable man, faithful to his word and feeling no sacrifice too great to uphold it. True and pure-hearted himself, he could not understand the falsity of other men. Foully betrayed by Napoleon and by Bazaine he fell. But he fell like a man, like a hero, like a prince.

* * * * * * *

"Era una alma grande," said Palacio, as he turned from the execution.
—*Frederick Gerstacker.*

Should you get discouraged with your lot, do not cease your efforts to advance; look at the poverty and crime of those from whom you have thus far kept; contemplate their misery, and then raise your eyes to those who fill stations of wealth and power, then buckle on anew the armor of industry, and grasp with renewed ardor the sword of effort, and, ere you are aware, the things the world calls valuable are safe within your grasp. Thus power, wealth and fame, with all their joys (if such there be) are yours, if you cling to hope and strengthen and sustain her by vigor and enterprise.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

Public funerals in cases of contagious diseases are now prohibited in Boston.

Diphtheria prevails to such an extent in Philadelphia that it has almost become epidemic, and the board of health has taken steps to contract the contagion.

The joint Congressional committee appointed for the purpose of inquiring as to a remedy for the depressed condition of the American ship-building and carrying trades has been holding sessions in New York and taking testimony.

In connection with the centennial celebration at Newburg, N. Y., Washington's old headquarters, next year, it is proposed to rebuild the old "Temple" in which General Washington refused a crown.

A disastrous accident occurred the other evening at a new air shaft of the Oxford colliery, Scranton, Pa., caused by the giving way of a large platform upon which an immense quantity of ice had accumulated. The ice went crashing to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 125 feet, where a number of sinkers were at work. Two men, named Hopkins Hughes and Patrick Rochfort, were instantly killed, and James Roberts, William Hayes, and Thomas Walkins, the contractor, were probably fatally injured.

A club exclusively in the interests of authors has been started in New York.

A large number of prominent citizens were present at the funeral services of Thurlow Weed in New York. The pall-bearers were General James Watson Webb, ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, Hamilton Fish, Frederick W. Seward, Charles O'Conor, Isaac Bell, Alfred Van Santvoord, James C. Bowen, John McKeon and John H. Van Antwerp, of Albany.

A storm did great damage to property in Buffalo, N. Y., and to shipping in Lake Erie. Three vessels and three floating elevators were wrecked at Buffalo.

The official figures in Connecticut give T. M. Waller (Democrat) for governor a majority over all of 2,391. General Frank D. Sloat (Republican) is elected comptroller by a majority of 681.

Completed official returns from every county in New York give the total vote for governor as 856,195, of which Cleveland (Democrat) received 535,166; Folger (Republican), 341,341; Howe (Greenback) 11,724, and Hopkins (Prohibition) 25,777. Cleveland's majority is 193,825. The total vote for President in 1880 was 1,103,945.

Mrs. Ruddy tried to enter her burning house in Providence, Pa., to save $260 in gold, and was burned to death. Three of her children were burned also, one fatally.

Adam Forsyth, employed in a coal mine at Belleville, Penn., obtained several sticks of frozen dynamite with which to catch fish, and hardly aware of the explosive's dangerous nature, put them in the oven of the kitchen stove to thaw out, after which he went to work. While his family were at supper a terrific explosion blew out the entire end of the house and hurled the inmates in different directions. The eldest son was horribly mangled and died in two hours; Mrs. Forsyth was struck by about thirty different pieces of iron and fatally injured; another son of seven was terribly cut, and only the youngest boy escaped uninjured.

Five persons were whipped the other day at Newcastle, Del. Three of them, convicted of larceny, were given ten lashes each, and Robert Lynn and Henry Magruder, for highway robbery, forty lashes each.

An explosion of oil tanks at the works of the Standard Oil company, on Newtown creek, Long Island, opposite New York, was followed by a fire which partially destroyed the company's property, a bark and a barge filled with oil and adjoining buildings, causing an estimated loss of $130,000. Two sailors who jumped into Newtown creek to escape the flames were reported missing.

The body of Dr. L. Ehrhart, of Allegheny City, Pa., was cremated at the Washington (Pa.) crematory. The following is a list of the fifteen cremations which have taken place there to date: December 6, 1876, Baron Von Palm, New York; February 15, 1878, Mrs. Benjamin Pittman, Cincinnati, Ohio; October 16, 1879, Dr. F. J. Lemoyne, Washington, Pa.; December 16, 1879, Charles McCreery, New York; February 17, 1880, Miss Dolly Hartman, Pittsburg; March 9, 1880, Dr. Samuel Hahn, New York; May 12, 1880, Charles Gustave Poetz, New York; November 25, 1880, Mrs. Lucia Burton Morse Noyes, Warren, Pa.; January 13, 1881, James Hamilton, Greensboro, Pa.; February 19, 1881, Dr. Konrad Homburg, Indianapolis, Ind.; March 9, 1881, Arthur Strabos, New York; March 31, 1881, Colonel I. N. Ross, Holden, Mass.; May 23, 1881, Miss Frank M. B. Kendall, Madison, Ind.; June 24, 1881, Mrs. Henry Hatterman, New York; November 27, 1882, Dr. Lorenzo Ehrhart, Allegheny City, Pa.

An engine with six loaded ore cars was thrown from the track near Warwick, N. Y., and the engineer and fireman were scalded to death under the wreck. A brakeman had several ribs broken.

The official vote of Connecticut for governor is as follows: Waller (Democrat), 59,014; Bulkley (Republican), 54,853; Rogers (Prohibition), 1,034, Tanner (Greenback), 697; scattering, 36; Waller's majority is 2,394. The pluralities in the vote for Congressmen are as follows: Eaton (Democrat), 693; Mitchell (Democrat), 1,795; Wait (Republican), 165, and Seymour (Democrat), 1,440.

South and West.

Official returns give the following as the vote in Indiana: Hawn, Republican, 210,234; Myers, Democrat, 220,918; Leonard, Greenback, 18,520; Myer's plurality, 10,684. Congress: Kleiner, Democrat, 1,643 plurality; Cobb, Democrat, 3,661 majority; Stockslager, Democrat, 4,585 plurality; Holman, Democrat, 3,494 plurality; Matson, Democrat, 3,552 majority; Browne, Republican, 7,313 plurality; Peelle, Republican, 87 plurality; Lamb, Democrat, 287 plurality; Ward, Democrat, 875 plurality; Wood, Democrat, 1,014 plurality; Steele, Republican, 333 plurality; Lowry, Democrat, 3,363 plurality; Calkins, Republican, 391 plurality.

Mr. William A. Russell, a merchant in Reisterstown, Md., was shot dead by one of two burglars who had broken into his store.

A boiler explosion on a plantation in Pointe Coupee Parish, La., instantly killed the engineer and fatally injured two colored laborers.

A bitter railroad war prevails in the Northwest, and passenger and freight rates have been reduced to almost nothing. The fare between Chicago and St. Paul was reduced to twenty-five cents, and freight was taken at any price that shippers chose to offer.

The noted racing sire imported Buckden is dead. His owner, Captain Cottrell, of Mobile, had just refused an offer of $12,000 for him.

B. H. Crapster, for ten or twelve years postmaster at Shelbyville, Ky., was found dead in a stable on his premises the other morning with a bullet hole through his head. A pistol was lying by his side, indicating that he had committed suicide.

A Denver (Col.) dispatch says that the mails between that city and Eastern cities, particularly New York, Buffalo and Cleveland, have been systematically robbed, and that the losses in drafts, bills of exchange and postal money orders amount to more than $600,000. These last are not real losses, but Denver banks and business houses have been forced to make their transfers of money through express companies, much to their cost and inconvenience.

Two female servants were suffocated at the burning of a boarding-house in Indianapolis, Ind.

A national labor congress has been in session at Cleveland, Ohio. A platform was adopted and the following legislative committee for the ensuing year was chosen: Robert Howard, Massachusetts; Gabriel Edmanston, Washington; Richard Powers, Chicago; Samuel Gomper, New York. N. H. Foster, Cincinnati, was re-elected general secretary.

A remarkable crime was unearthed near Havana, Ill., by the confession of Theodore Gardner that he had murdered his aunt, Mrs. John B. Weller, wife of a wealthy farmer, for whom the murderer was working as a farm hand. Gardner, who is only nineteen years old, confessed that he had quarreled with his aunt, and upon her telling him to leave the place he had choked her to death.

The St. Louis grand jury have ignored the bill against John A. Cockerell, editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, for the shooting of Ex-Congressman A. W. Slayback, and it is not likely that any further action will be taken in the matter.

A Chicago judge has granted Mrs. Scoville, Guiteau's sister, a new trial on the ground that, though possibly insane, she was neither of homicidal or suicidal tendencies, nor dangerous to her friends, and therefore not a subject for an asylum. After her first trial Mrs. Scoville fled to Canada, where she has been lecturing.

A large wholesale Chicago boot and shoe house has been robbed of about $40,000 during the past ten months by some of its traveling salesmen in collusion with others of its most trusted employes.

Three sailors belonging to the schooner Collingwood, wrecked in Lake Michigan, were picked up by a steamer while clinging to a piece of wreckage on which they had floated for thirty-one hours. The captain had been drowned and the steward frozen to death.

At Lanesboro, Minn., Christian Johnson shot his sweetheart and then killed himself. The girl was but slightly hurt.

Thomas Newbower & Sons, wholesale clothing manufacturers of Milwaukee, have failed. Liabilities, $200,000; assets, $125,000.

The Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, for many years prominent in State politics in Ohio, and several years chairman of the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives at Washington, died a few days ago in Hamilton, Ohio.

From Washington.

Commissioner Loring, in his annual report, estimates the yield of grain in 1882 as follows: Corn, 1,635,000,000 bushels; wheat, 410,000,000 bushels; oats, 470,000,000 bushels; barley, 45,000,000 bushels; rye, 20,000,000 bushels; buckwheat, 12,000,000 bushels.

A census bulletin, just issued, embraces a table of statistics of manufactures in the United States, showing the capital invested, the number of hands employed, the amount of wages paid, the value of materials used, and the value of products, for all the establishments of manufacturing industry, gas excepted, in each of the States and Territories, as returned at the census of 1880. The following are the totals: Number of establishments, 253,840; capital, $2,790,223,506; average number of hands employed—men above sixteen years, 2,025,279; women above fifteen years, 531,753; children and youths, 181,918; total amount paid in wages during the year, $947,919,674; value of materials, $3,394,340,-029; value of products, $5,369,667,706.

President Arthur has cut off the official heads of several prominent officeholders at one swoop. Those removed are Charles E. Henry, marshal of the District of Columbia; D. B. Ainger, postmaster of the District of Columbia; Myron M. Parker, assistant postmaster, M. D. Helm, foreman in the government printing office, in charge of the *Congressional Record*, and manager of the afternoon newspaper organ of Thomas J. Brady, of star route notoriety, and ex-Senator George E. Spencer, government director of the Union Pacific railroad. Action was taken by the President in response to a letter sent to him by Mr. George Bliss, government counsel, and a report made by Attorney-General Brewster upon the subject of that letter. The attorney-general's report was read at a cabinet meeting and approved by every member. The charge against all these officials was that they had interfered with the administration of justice and aided the defendants in the star route cases.

A national fair to obtain funds for a monument to the late President Garfield was formally opened in the rotunda of the capitol by President Arthur. The general of the army, the members of the cabinet and judges of the supreme court were present, and every inch of space was densely crowded.

Dr. C. C. Cox, who has successively been lieutenant-governor of Maryland, commissioner of pensions, president of the District of Columbia board of health, and commissioner to the Australian exposition, died the other night.

Foreign News.

Mr. William W. Astor, the new American minister, presented his credentials to King Humbert at Rome.

For their services in the Egyptian war Admiral Seymour and General Wolseley have been gazetted peers.

The British steamship Wearmouth was wrecked on one of the Magdalen islands, and of the twenty men on board sixteen lost their lives.

Canada claims $1,000,000 from the United States for wrongfully charging twenty per cent. duty on hay when the proper duty was only ten per cent.

Decorations to officers and soldiers who distinguished themselves in the Egyptian war, to the number of 370, were presented by Queen Victoria.

The Earl of Harrowby and his brother, Hon. Frederick Dudley Ryder, both died on the same day in England. The former was born in 1798 and the latter in 1806.

In the Joyce murder trial at Dublin Michael Casey withdrew his plea of not guilty, and counsel for the other four prisoners also pleaded guilty, making an appeal for mercy. The judge then sentenced them to be hanged.

The steamer Winton, with grain from the Black sea, foundered off the island of Ushant, coast of France, and thirty persons were drowned.

An explosion of gunpowder occurred in the barracks of Madrid, Spain. Nearly the whole building was blown to pieces, and fifteen soldiers were injured.

Electric lights have been largely introduced into the prominent establishments in Japan.

The Prince of Wales asked that the sentence of ten years' penal servitude passed on William Brookshaw, the writer of a letter threatening his life, be reduced.

The captain of a steamer which has arrived at Sunderland, England, reports that off the coast of Norfolk his vessel passed a large raft to which three or four corpses were lashed.

The death is announced from the Western coast of Africa of King Omoru. He leaves 700 widows. Of his ninety-five children, seventy-seven are still alive. His oldest son has 400 wives.

The Dublin *United Ireland* says Mr. Dillon will go to America soon to make a lengthened sojourn with his brother in Colorado. He insists upon resigning his seat in the house of commons.

Seven workmen were killed and several others injured by the fall of a railway bridge near London. The men were under the bridge eating their breakfast when the structure fell.

William Richards, under sentence of death at Sweetsburg, Quebec, committed suicide by cutting his throat on the morning that he was to be hanged.

Widespread distress, through want of employment on farms and failure of the potato crop, is feared this winter in Ireland.

The cashier of a Paris financial institution has absconded with a large amount of its funds.

Heavy rains in Germany resulted in floods along the Rhine and consequent damage to property.

The Bishop of Ayacucho, Peru, while attempting recently to quell a riot at Huanta, was shot by the rioters.

By the telescoping of a tender and a Pullman palace car on the Intercolonial railroad, New Brunswick, three men were killed and others injured.

Three detectives were watching a party of men suspected of being Fenians, in Dublin, when they were fired upon, and one of the officers, named Cox, was instantly killed. The man who fired the shot was fatally wounded by a detective, and two other men were arrested.

A train fell through a bridge at Fyvie, Scotland, and five persons were killed and many injured.

The French steamer Cambronne was sunk by a collision with another vessel in the British channel and fourteen persons were drowned.

Clevedon Hall, the residence of Sir Arthur Elton, situated near Bristol, England, has been destroyed by fire. A portion of the library, which was considered one of the most valuable in England, was also burned.

Dennis Field, one of the jurors in the case of Hynes, who was hanged recently at Dublin for the murder of the herd Doloughty, was met on his way home to dinner by a car containing two men, one of whom jumped off and stabbed Field six times with a sword, probably inflicting fatal wounds.

The Life-Saving Service.

The following is an abstract of the annual report of the general superintendent of the life-saving service:

The establishment embraced at the close of the fiscal year 190 stations, 145 being on the Atlantic, thirty-seven on the lakes, seven on the Pacific and one at the falls of the Ohio, Louisville, Ky. The results of all the disasters in the scope of the service aggregate as follows:

Total number of disasters	345
Total value of property involved	$4,765,762
Total value of property saved	$3,106,007
Total value of property lost	$1,654,755
Total number of persons involved	2,396
Total number of persons saved	2,384

There were thirty-nine persons rescued in addition to those saved from vessels (they having fallen from wharves, piers, etc.) who would certainly have been drowned but for the assistance rendered by life-saving crews. The investigations held in each case show that the twelve persons lost during the year were entirely beyond the reach of human aid. Although there were forty-four more disasters than during any previous year since the general extension of the service, the loss of life is smaller, with one exception, than that of any year preceding. The assistance rendered in saving vessels and cargoes has been very great this year, 298 vessels having been worked off when stranded, piloted out of dangerous places, repaired when damaged or assisted in similar ways by the station crews. There were beside seventy-six instances when vessels running into danger of stranding were warned off by the night signals of the patrols, and thus probably saving most of them from partial loss or destruction.

The report records the fact that the life saving service has now been in operation under the present system for a complete decade, and gives the results in the following table:

Number of disasters	1,692
Value of property involved	$29,278,249
Value of property saved	$18,054,902
Value of property lost	$11,213,347
Number of persons involved	14,700
Number of persons saved	14,293
Number of persons lost	407
Number of shipwrecked persons recovered at stations	3,060
Number of days succor afforded	8,384

The general superintendent says that statistics show that since the general extension of the life-saving service to all portions of the coast in 1876, the loss of life from marine disasters has been reduced nearly seventy-five per cent; that is to say, that while in 1876, and prior to that time, one person was lost out of every twenty-nine on board vessels suffering disaster, there has been a constant decrease, until now there is only one person lost out of every 113, and this result is shown to be almost entirely due to the agency of the life-saving stations. The condition of the service is pronounced to be better than ever before. The objects for which it was created, viz., the rescue of life imperiled by shipwreck, the saving of marine property and, incidentally, the protection of the revenue, have been greatly promoted by the recent legislation of Congress, which has also done much for the morale of the corps by providing ampler pay and affording recompense to those who may be injured in the line of duty, and relief to their widows and orphans in case of death. An even better selection of men has been placed at the command of the service, and this selection, Mr. Kimball says, has been made, as it ever has been in this service, solely upon grounds of professional fitness, to the absolute exclusion of political or other considerations.

Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency.

The annual report of the comptroller of the currency contains the following table, which shows by geographical divisions the number of private bankers in the United States, with the aggregate amount of their capital, deposits, for the six months ended May 31, 1882, and for the previous year:

Geographical divisions.	No. of banks.	Capital.	Deposits.
New England States	104	$7,130,196	$9,417,712
Middle States	1,014	62,193,765	113,079,792
South'n States	293	6,369,701	19,981,042
West'n States & Territories	1,980	38,552,230	153,143,614
United States	3,391	$114,255,892	$295,622,160

Three national banks have been placed in the hands of receivers during the year ending November 1, 1882, namely, the Mechanics' National bank of Newark, N. J., on November 2, 1881; the Pacific National bank of Boston on May 22, 1882, and the First National bank of Buffalo on April 22, 1882. Since the commencement of the national banking system eighty-seven banks have been placed in the hands of receivers, and 420 banks have voluntarily closed their business by the votes of shareholders owning two-thirds of their stock. Of the banks placed in voluntary liquidation by their stockholders seven failed to pay their depositors, and in these cases receivers were appointed by the comptroller to wind up their affairs. Of the eighty-seven banks placed in the hands of receivers, fifty-one have been finally closed, leaving thirty-six still in process of settlement. The loss to creditors of these banks during the nearly twenty years that have elapsed since the passage of the national banking act, as near as can be estimated, has been about $7,000,-000. The average annual loss has been, therefore, about $400,000 in the business of corporations having an average capital of about $450,000,000, and which have been responsible for the safe keeping of deposits in their hands averaging constantly over $800,-000,000, or about one-twentieth of one per cent. of annual loss to depositors. The total amount paid to creditors of insolvent national banks is $20,945,090 upon proved claims amounting to $29,586,558. The dividends so far paid thus equal about seventy per cent. of the proved claims, thirty-two banks having paid the claims against them in full. Assessments amounting to $8,101,-750 have been made upon the stockholders of insolvent national banks for the purpose of enforcing their individual liability under section 5,151 of the revised statutes, of which about $3,200,000 have been collected, and $231,080.70 during the past year.

An Eagle's Affection.

The great American bird is under every condition a bird altogether, but it usually flocks alone on Wood river, because its mates are as scarce as lady partners at a programme ball. That eagles are birds of prey is established by various stories in school-readers, where they are shown to have carried off into mid-air children, lambs and other food ten times their own weight, and disappear with them into dim space toward the summit of the mountains, where they store their grub for winter feasts. The largest birds of the eagle species are found in the Wood river mountains, and yet no mules nor cows nor people have ever been carried away by them. The eagles of this country have often been known to omit devouring weakly rabbits and squirrels, and to have shown almost human kindness. An event which occurred ten days since at Foster's ranch, above Hailley, fully establishes this trait of the Wood river variety. One of the ranchers saw a huge eagle flutter over the barnyard, interested in a fat turkey, and he immediately secured his rifle. The first shot broke the eagle's wing, and, in its crippled condition, it wobbled and flopped around uttering screams of pain. The man was watching the result before firing again, when he discovered another eagle coming from a distance. It was, evidently, the mate of the first one. Like an arrow it flew to the rescue, and examining the wound and seeing its mate could not escape, it took hold of it by its claws and beak and flew to the mountain side, where it laid down the victim of the sportive hunter. During the past seven days the men on Foster's ranch have noticed each day that the mate carried food to the wounded bird regularly and is yet feeding it upon squirrels, rabbits, birds and mice. Mr. Foster could kill the two birds any day, but has refrained on account of the affection displayed between them. A small American flag will be fastened about the wounded bird, and when it again flies it will carry the emblem of freedom to the highest mountain peaks.—*Wood River (Neb.) Times.*

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Mr. Charles Reis, No. 1611 Second Carondelet avenue, this city, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil after sixteen years' suffering with rheumatism.

There are 25,708 lumber manufacturing establishments in the United States, employing a capital of $181,-186,122, and 141,564 male hands above the age of sixteen years, 425 female hands below the age of fifteen years, and 5,967 children and youth.

The Boston *Globe* brings this item: Charles S. Strickland, Esq., this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

There are no less than 334 deer parks south of the Tweed in England, thirty-one of which contain red deer. Eridge park, Sussex, is the oldest; the largest is at the Cheshire seat of Lord Egerton, of Tatton. The extent of the park is 2,500 acres.

THE FLOWER CITY FURORE.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence on St. Paul street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time, could eating nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull indefinite pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and that there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the doctor's words, the reporter bade him good-day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carrenter, Bishop Haven and others. This is terrible, and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It should be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to show the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids, he had provided a vial the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys,' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe, then, that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe, then, that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope, and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities, saw physicians prescribing and using it, and I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach, and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore, at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State board of health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had up to that time ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured.

The Origin of Heraldry.

The use of heraldic ensigns seems to have come into Western Europe with the return of the first crusaders, and something like a system was formed in the great days of the thirteenth century. It would be interesting, and indeed useful, to trace scientifically the beginnings of regular coats of arms—regular, that it is, in something like the ecclesiastical sense of the term. The first series of shields we can remember to have met with are very like the newly rediscovered Saracen heraldry of Salah el Deen and his successors. Some of the forms are exactly similar. Arabian and other Oriental antiquaries have of late years been endeavoring to trace the history and use of the spread eagles and lions passant of the Syrian and Cairene sultans. The eagles and lions in the work of Henry III., at Westminster Abbey, are very like them, and the likeness is so close and the date so near that their origin is all but certain.—*Saturday Review.*

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs, therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on Consumption send two stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Two years ago Wesson, Miss., was a pine forest. It has now 1,500 inhabitants, a cotton mill which employs 1,000 hands and several smaller factories.

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of a large illustrated treatise by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self treatment.

Envy is a vice, which keeps no holiday but is always on the wheel working its own disquiet.

"Sigh No More, Ladies!"

for Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a prompt and certain remedy for the painful disorders peculiar to your sex. By all druggists.

Wherever the tree of beneficence takes root, it sends forth branches beyond the sky.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

Carboline, a natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is pronounced by competent authority to be the best article ever invented to restore the vitality of youth to diseased and faded hair. Try it.

Pure cod-liver oil, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

Chapped hands, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1. Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Remarkable Escape.

John Kuhn, of Lafayette, Ind., had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was in the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health having used no other medicine."

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, etc. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are but imitations.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beef cattle, good to prime l w	10¾	@ 12
Calves, com'n to prime veals	6	@ 10
Sheep	4	@ 5⅜
Lambs	5	@ 5¾
Hogs—Live	6	@ 6⅜
Dressed, city	8¼	@ 8¾
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 35	@ 6 25
West., good to choice	4 30	@ 7 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 06½	@ 1 10½
No. 1 White	1 07¼	@ 1 08
Rye—State	71	@ 73
Barley—Two-rowed State	84	@ 86
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed	60	@ 1 07
Yellow Southern	73	@ 98
Oats—White State	46	@ 49
Mixed Western	39	@ 44
Hay—Med. to ch. Timothy	70	@ 90
Straw—No. 1, Rye	55	@ 60
Hops—State, 1881, choice	1 00	@ 1 10
Lard—City Steam	10 95	@ 11 25
Petroleum—Crude	7½	@ 8
Refined	8¾	@ 8⅞
Butter—State Creamery	35	@ 37
Dairy	28	@ 33
West. Im. Creamery	23	@ 32
Factory	16	@ 19
Cheese—State Factory	8	@ 12¾
Skims	2	@ 6
Western	5	@ 12¼
Eggs—State and Penn	29	@ 30
Potatoes—State bbl	1 75	@ 2 25
BUFFALO.		
Steers—Good to Choice	5 25	@ 5 62
Lambs—Western	4 25	@ 5 25
Sheep—Western	4 00	@ 4 50
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks	6 20	@ 6 30
Flour—C'y ground n. process	7 25	@ 8 25
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 19½	@ 1 20
Corn—No. 2, Mixed	71	@ 79
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	39	@ 41
Barley—Two-rowed State	80	@ 85
BOSTON.		
Beef—Ex. plate and family	15 00	@ 16 00
Hogs—Live	7½	@ 8
City Dressed	9¼	@ 10
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	18 00	@ 18 00
Flour—Spring Wheat patents	7 00	@ 7 75
Corn—High Mixed	89	@ 90
Oats—Extra White	53	@ 54
Rye—State	75	@ 80
Wool—comb & delaine, No. 1	24	@ 32
Unwashed combing	18	@ 23
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.		
Beef—Extra quality	7 00	@ 7 50
Sheep—Live weight	5	@ 6
Lambs	6¼	@ 7½
Hogs—Northern, d. w.	8½	@ 9
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	4 75	@ 5 25
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 10	@ 1 11½
Rye—State	70	@ 70
Corn—State Yellow	82	@ 82
Oats—Mixed	69	@ 69
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa.	37	@ 37
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	13	@ 13¼
Petroleum—Crude	6	@ 7
Refined	7	@ 7¼

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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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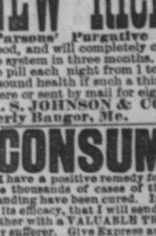
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